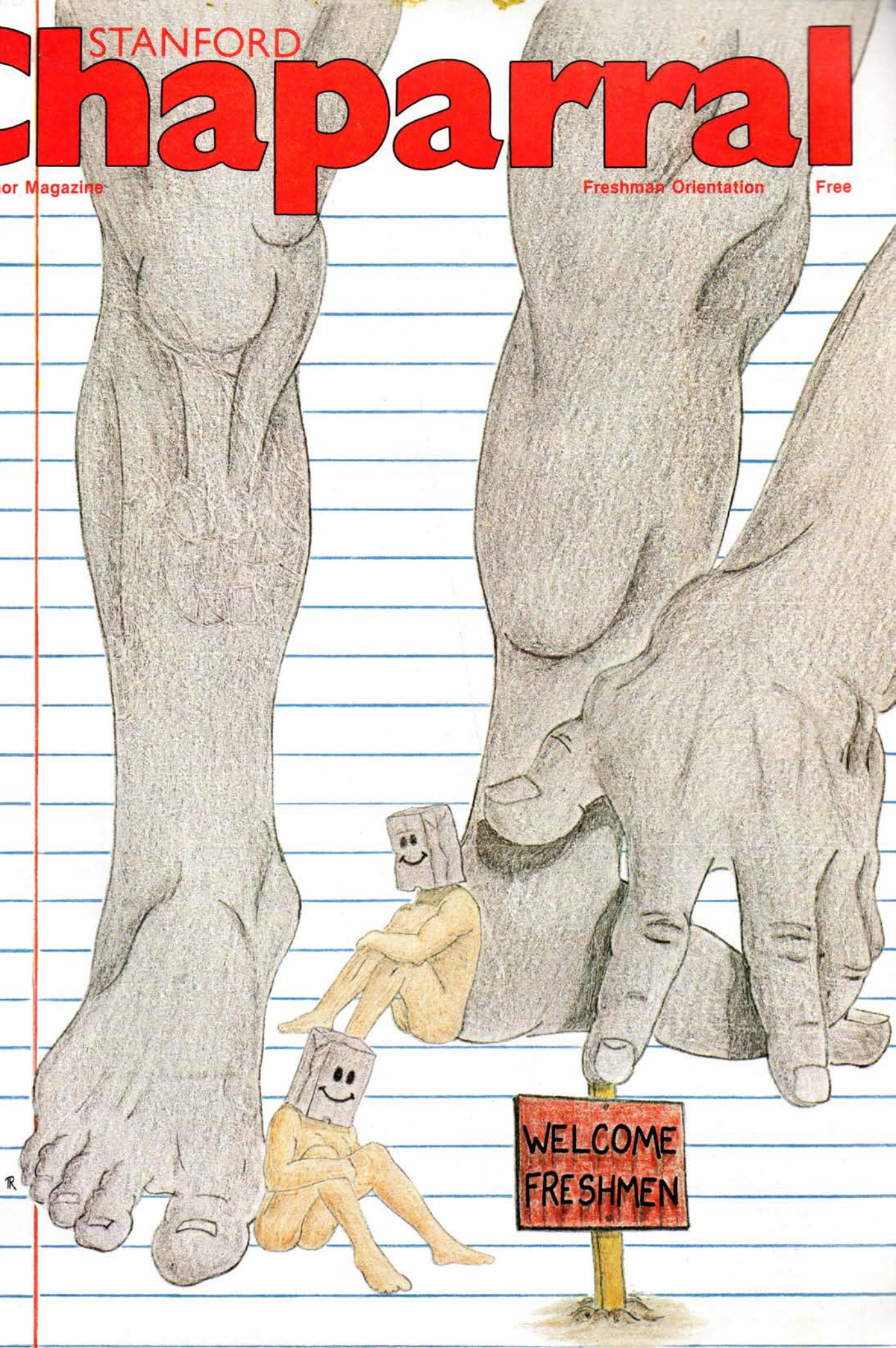


STANFORD Chaparral

The Humor Magazine

Freshman Orientation

Free



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Phone: 497-4321

A comprehensive eatery with services listed below.



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*Bowling opens at 10 am.



SOAR (Stanford Outdoor Adventures and Recreation), Recreation Center

Phone: 497-4316

Trips and Excursions, Classes and Workshops, Information Switchboard and Equipment Rental including Tents, Backpacks, Sleeping Bags and Stoves.

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Associated Students Of Stanford (ASSU), Upper Level

Phone: 497-4331

Stanford's Student Government and the location of many student services: T-Shirt Shop, Lecture Notes, Legal Counseling, etc.

Hours: Mon-Fri 8:30 am-5 pm



Office of Student Activities (OSA), Upper Level

Phone: 497-3542

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Hours: Mon-Fri 8 am-12 noon, 1 pm-5 pm



Student Arts at Stanford (STARTS), Upper Level

Phone: 497-9671

Lectures, Classes, Noon Concerts, Coffee House Entertainment, Films, Art Exhibits and Special Events. Volunteer Opportunities.

Hours: Mon-Fri 9 am-5 pm

Information

Campus Events Tape, Information Center

Phone: 497-0336

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24 hours a day

Information Center, Upper Level

Phone: 497-4311

Information on Tresidder Union, Campus Events, and Bay Area Transit

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Shops & Services

Scheduling, Upper Level

Phone: 497-4314

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Sequoia Travel Center, Lower Level

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Hours: Mon-Fri 10 am-5:30 pm, Sat 12 noon-4 pm



Chaparral



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Joseph during the immaculate conception.



The STANFORD Chaparral

Stanford Chaparral founded
5 October 1899
by Bristow Adams

Owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of
Hammer & Coffin National Humor Society
Founded at Stanford University 17 April 1906

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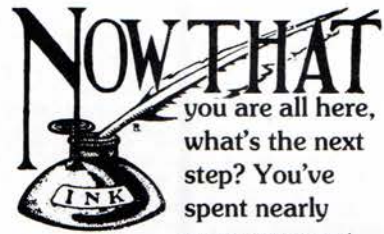
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THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS



NOW THAT you are all here, what's the next step? You've spent nearly every moment,

waking or otherwise, planning your college trajectory. A couple of AP courses here, a bogus but important sounding school club there, more than a few grades grubbed and presto! Dean Hargadon scribbles

"Great!" on the bottom of your acceptance letter.

What now?

The *Chaparral*, that's what. We are the nation's third oldest college humor magazine and have been written up in *Playboy* and *Newsweek*. Our alumnae include the business rock group *The MBA's*, *New Yorker* cartoonists, and Central America's favorite comedian, National-security advisor William Clark.

Why am I telling you all this? Well, remember that Dracula comedy a few years ago called

"Love at First Bite"? Just think of the *Chaparral* as the vampire, George Hamilton, and you as the victim, Susan St. James (No, you don't have to wear an oversized football jersey and sleep with Rock Hudson) The *Chaparral* will shrivel up and turn into a pile of old bones if it doesn't constantly suck your fresh, virginal blood.

Although we truly want any frosh to come to our recruitment party (see ad next page) let me be serious for a second and personally ask two groups to take a particularly

close look at our magazine: blacks (it's lonely here at the top) and women (Gloria Steinem started as a joke writer for TV). The comedic forces of melanin and estrogen are at full strength in America's comedy clubs but woefully weak in print humor. As a public service to these two groups, here's a quick and absolutely incomplete run-down of what Stanford has to offer:

Blacks

The African American theme house is pronounced in two ways: Ooo-jamah and oojah-MAH. Though the first is commonly accepted among blacks and non-blacks both living and not living in the house, the second is the more militant and accurate pronunciation. Besides, the first sounds like either the clothes your little brother sleeps in or maybe even a tropical fruit drink.

Ujamaa is cool—the only reason to ever go to Lagunita. There are so many liberation posters and poems on the walls you would almost think we were back in the sixties (were dashikis made by Ralph Lauren?). If you're not like most of the folks here, you haven't seen so many of us smiling and dancing in one place since your last Jack and Jill meeting.

If you don't live in Ujamaa, you should try and hang out there (or in Ujamaa-on-Campus Drive, Mirrielees). They are the only two places where lots of us can be found regularly and where there exists decent, that is, non-fraternity nightlife.

If you don't want to deal with the gossip and cattiness that sometimes troubles the theme houses but you still want to work for the "Cause," you need to visit the Black House. Right after your asinine history professor tries to make you believe that imperialism

imported culture to Africa, Faye and Anayelia at the Black House will, through their kindness and charm, remind you that not *all* of Stanford's administrators don't know the difference between chitterlings and Chaka Kahn.

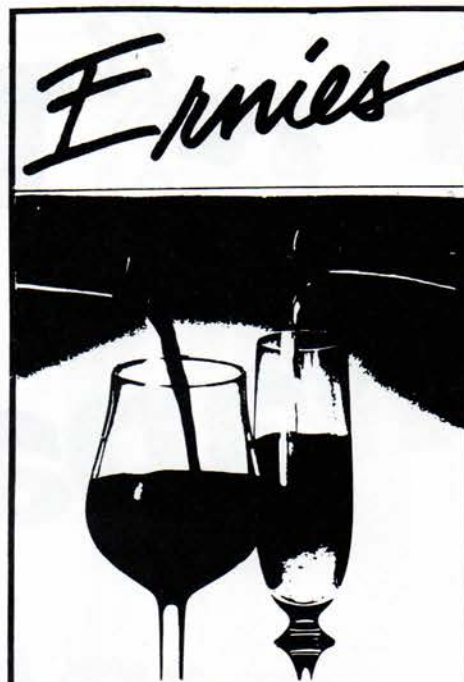
The African American community here at Stanford can be a bit hard on African Americans who they feel don't hang with the group. So if you decide to associate neither with the theme houses nor the Black House, or if your favorite movie is "Mandingo," be prepared to open your door one day to a flaming pile of black and white Nabisco cookies.

Women

There are more women's groups than you'd expect here at a school whose symbol is a giant, reactionary, sandstone dick. *Aurora* is the feminist newspaper and even though it is only issued sporadically, the paper's journalistic quality makes the *Daily* look like *The Stanford Daily*. Feminist Studies is a brand new major here but unfortunately feminism at Stanford is about as popular as Phyllis Schafly at a NOW convention. Nevertheless, the professors are first rate and their courses terrific—that is if you're not here just to learn how to recite *The Canterbury Tales* to your husband as you greet him at the door in nothing but Saran Wrap and a bow.

Thanks for indulging me. Now sit back, relax and enjoy the show. I hope to see all of you, regardless of race (milers and sprinters are both welcome), creed (why don't they just say religion) or color (however remember this being California, the tan is definitely preferred) at the First Annual Funniness Festival.

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PARTY

at the

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TUESDAY

NYGHTE

5
P
7

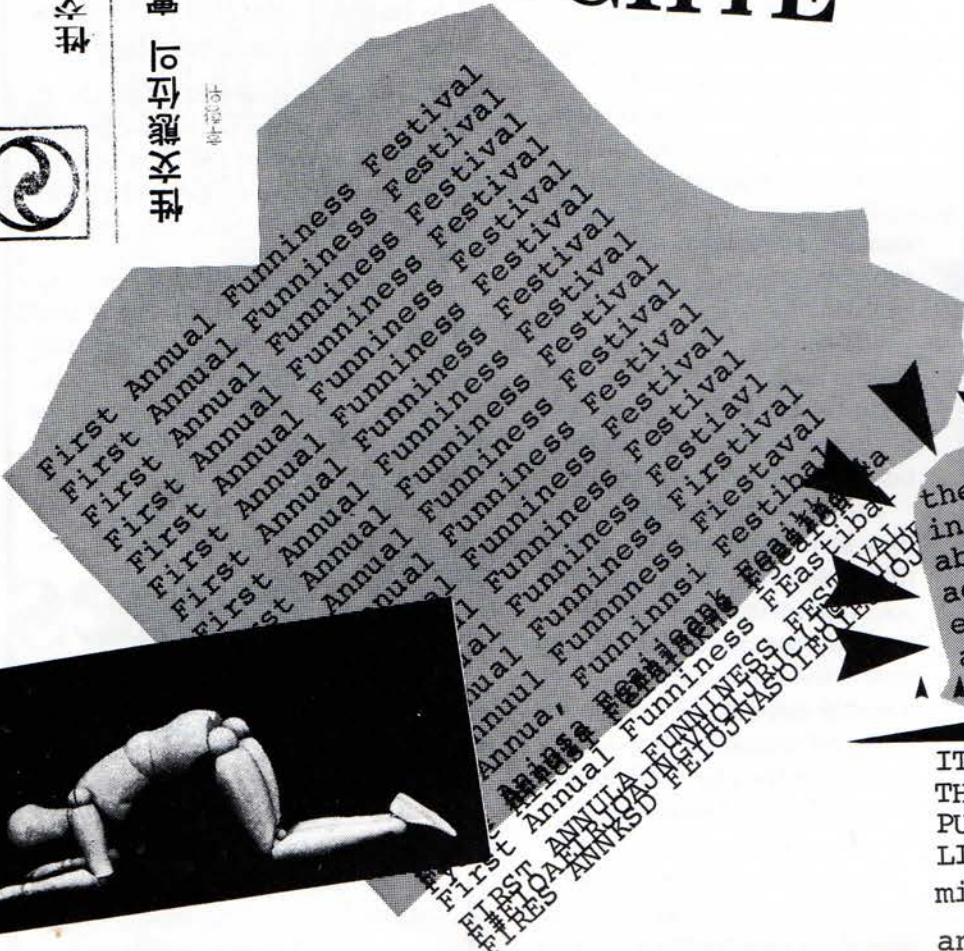
9:00
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性交의 美際 (3)

性交態位の (二)

長谷川



the chaparral is perched in the storke building above (note) the daily and across from tarman engineering (you'll see our sign and flagpole on Santa Teresa St

IT'S LEGIT...FIND OUT ABOUT THE MOST HAPPENING PLACE AND PUBLICATION ON CAMPUS WHILE LISTENING TO terrifical tunes mixed by mR. "v", and dringink and eating till you pop



W26

Fred
HARGADON

Lauren
BACALL

Mary
ASTOR



Dead Men Don't Get Admitted

Her shorts were too short. Like an airplane on final approach, she was flashing first one, then the other beacon down the runway.

Naturally, I followed. Why? Ever since I was a kid, I had this thing about airplanes.

But I had other reasons. Sure, it was something to do with the syncopated undulation of her thighs, something

about the smart salute of her breasts that snapped my eyelids to attention, something in those blood-red lips that whispered silently of danger. What the hell — call it one of those crazy, irrational attractions.

Just one thing didn't figure; a minute fragment of the picture was out of place — but what? The riddle was eating away at my insides, like a tapeworm bent on revenge.

Then it hit me. One tiny detail — so small, you'd almost ignore it. I was damn lucky to spot it in the first place. It was the corpse sticking out of her handbag. I have to notice these things. It's my job.

Monday morning, 8:05. The phone rang. It was Dick Lyman, over in homicide. "Listen, Fred: I got a dame here. Lucia Minestrone. Wants admission to the incoming class. We got an unregistered corpse in a handbag rap on her. I'd appreciate it if she didn't make it."

"Sure, Dick. Anything for you."

I jabbed a button on the intercom.

"Show the lady in, M."

Spiked heels snapped on the linoleum floor just like they snapped a nerve in my brain. My thoughts raced like a Toyota with a burnt out clutch.

Everything was the same. Same build. Same walk. Same landing lights.

I swallowed hard and fought back the last wisps of my usual Monday-morning amyl nitrate fog.

"What can I do for you?" I managed to croak.

"You've got to help me, Mr. Hargadon."

I could tell she was desperate.

"My parents both died two years ago. In an airplane crash. Ever since then, I've been underprivileged. But I didn't come to you for sympathy. I want a job done, and I heard you're the man to come to. I'll pay, just like everyone else. I've got the money."

"Cough it up, sugar. Daylight's burning."

"Okay. I'll be honest with you, Mr. Hargadon. I want admission to this class. I've worked hard. I'm smart. My personality is perfectly rounded. I deserve it."

Hard boiled dame. I liked her style. Too bad she wouldn't make it.

"Maybe you're telling the truth. Maybe you've even got the eight thousand clams. Let's cut the small talk. What's your GPA?"

I'd hit pay dirt. The tendons in her neck tightened. "Three-point two." It was practically a whisper.

"You're making it tough for me, sweetheart. How'd you manage on the tests?"

I hate to see women cry. "Twelve-fifty, combined." Tears were welling up in her eyes.

"You got guts, sister. Ain't too many dames'd try a stunt like that. But you know the rules in this town — unless you're Fiorello LaGuardia, I'd say your chances are pretty slim. I'll see what I can do."

"She's good" I thought, as I watched her nectarine-shaped derriere slide out the door. "But not good enough." There are thousands like her. Ambitious. Talented. The kind of talent they can't show you in their applications. You've got to spend a day with them, at least. A night is even better. But she didn't have the grades.

Jesus Christ! Twelve o'clock already! I punched the emergency phone: 326-6552. "This is Hargadon, Admissions. Give me a number four, that's right, urgent!"

In minutes, the steaming hot pizza was on my desk.

I eyed the delivery boy. He had something he wanted to tell me. Call it a sixth sense. I could see it in the way he kept fingering the machete in his pocket.

After a lifetime in this job, you've got to have a sixth sense. Otherwise, you don't live long. A friend of mine

even had a seventh sense, but he couldn't figure out what it was for.

"Spill it, kid. Whaddya want?"

"I know you're a busy man, Mr. Hargadon."

"Yeah, sure."

"But I was wondering if you might consider my case."

Uh-oh, not another one of these clowns. But he had the credentials. He also had the knife.

"I like you, kid, you got spunk." Anything to make the little worm happy. "I'll see what I can do. Sure, I got my connections at the Faculty Club. But I can't make any guarantees."

In this line of work, you get used to unusual hours. It isn't exactly a nine-to-fiver.

That's why I wasn't too surprised when the phone jangled my brain out of a dream about an airplane-load of nectarines at three o'clock Tuesday night.

It was Lyman. A beat cop had found a body at the bottom of Lagunita. Freshly dead.

"Listen, Fred," Lyman told me when I finally got there, my shoes caked with mud, "We got an ID on this joe. Turns out he was running pizzas for Express. He was delivering a pepperoni about midnight when somebody stuck a shank into him. Dumped him here. We also know he was aching for a spot in the freshman class."

"Any clues or prints?" I asked, "Anything suspicious about the body?"



"No clues except this: the word 'great' written across his chest in red tomato sauce. Mean anything to you?"

"Nope. Obviously the product of a warped mind."

Tomato sauce was all over everything. His insides were split open like a food service lasagna. And for the second time that week, I got a sinking feeling of *deja vu*. It was the same kid who had delivered my pizza on Monday.

"You're in admissions, Fred," Lyman said, "what do you know about him?"

"A lot. He was in my office Monday, whining for a spot in the class. Only one other person could've known — it's your unregistered corpse girl, Minestrone. She left my office about the same time he came in. Must have over-

heard something. Find her, and you've found your pizza-boy-shanker."

The night sky was beginning to glow pink in the east. A gang of newspapermen had arrived and were crawling all over the place, like ants on a dead lizard.

Those sensationalist press guys make me sick. Some poor schmoe gets nailed, and everyone wants to read about it in the morning *Daily*.

One of them walked toward me, obviously scrounging for a quote. I gave him one of my stock platitudes: "It's a tough world. Social Darwinism. Survival of the fittest. The poor guy just didn't make it."

I turned and headed into the darkness. I needed a long walk to sort things out.

I was trying to pull my shoe out of two feet of muck when I felt something hard jab me in the back. It was a .22 gat, and on the other side of it was Lucy Minestrone.

"I know you know I killed the pizza kid, Hargadon. I also know you never intended to offer me admission. Now I'm going to admit you — to eternity!"

"Steady, sugar."

"You rejected me because of my test scores, didn't you? So I had a bad Saturday morning for SAT's, and it ruined my life! Now I'm going to *end yours!*"

"Calm down, sister. You know you could've transferred after your sophomore year."

"Don't give me that line, Hargadon. You know the stats. My chances would've been about the same as yours are right now."

I pretended not to be nervous. "Congratulations, gorgeous. Looks like you've got one up on me. . ." Flattery will get you everywhere. For a split second she lowered the gun. In the same split second I spun around, kicking the gun out of her hand, catching it in my teeth and locking her in a full nelson. I've seen enough Kung Fu episodes to pick up a few things.

"You were a wild kid, sugar — you'd tried everything, almost," I explained to Lucia as I handcuffed her. "You wanted to try higher education, but you needed your parents' money. Daddy said no, but you couldn't take no for an answer. You made it look like an accident and took the inheritance."

Sirens were coming closer.

"You were clever, sugar, but not clever enough. Anyone who got in your way had to be knocked off. That explains the handbag body. It worked fine until you ran into me. You thought you had it wrapped up; but I don't play favorites, and your plan backfired."

Three squad cars squealed through the mud and lurched to a stop. "You'll have plenty of time to think it over, sugar. . ." I told her, as the cops stuffed her into a paddywagon, "If the judge goes easy on you, maybe ten to twenty years."

Lyman was shaking my hand. "Congratulations, Fred, you've done it again. I don't know what the University would do without you. . ." he crooned.

"Thanks, Dick, but it was nothing."

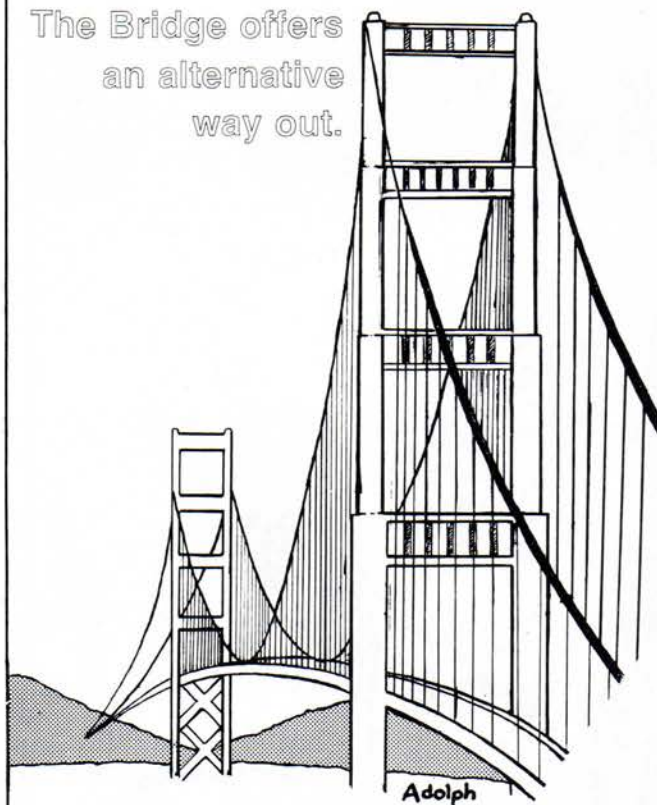
It's a messy business. Sure, it stinks. But it's my job.

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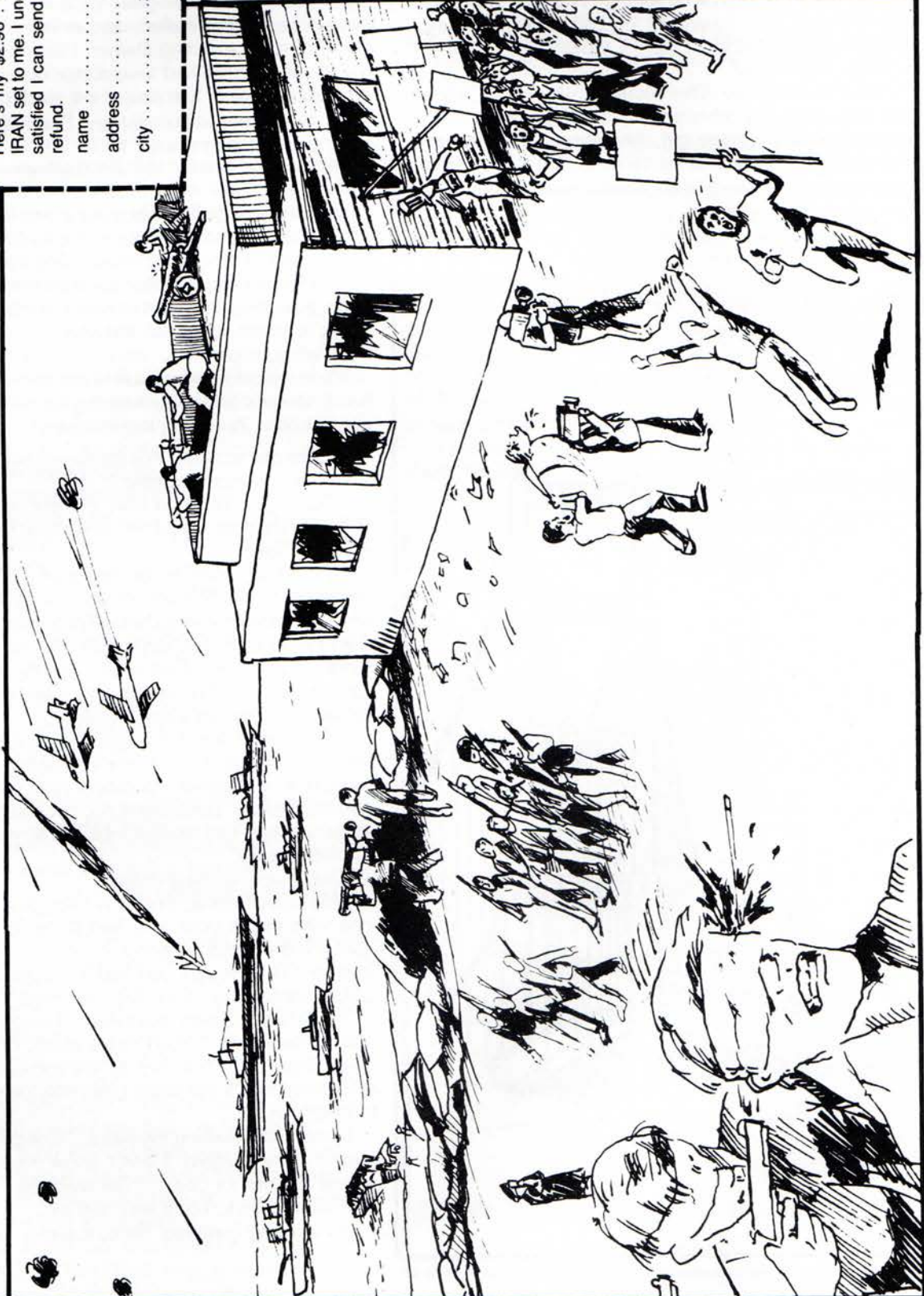
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satisfied I can send back in two weeks for
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address
city zip state

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- 100 students
- 1 religious leader
- 200 reporters —
with cameras
- 1 Walter Cronkite
- 50,000 U.S.
- Marines
- 5 Aircraft carriers
- 180 jet fighters
— with firing
missiles
(harmless)
- 9,000,000 Iranian
citizens





HI! THIS IS MY STORY. THE TRUE STORY OF A NICE GUY WHO FINISHED FIRST. A TALE OF INSPIRATION ABOUT A MAN WHO WOULDN'T SAY QUIT. THIS IS...

THE Donald Kennedy Story

STORY: STEVE KESSLER

ART: GEOFF MANDEL

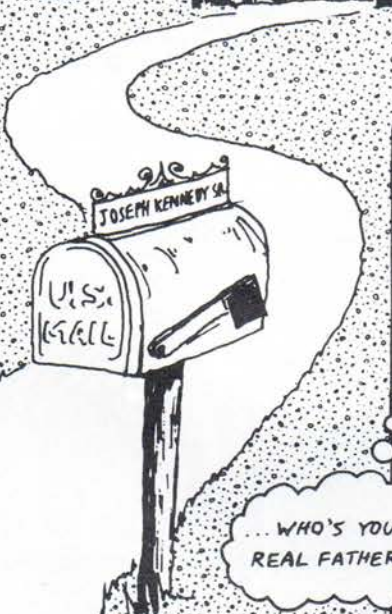
IT ALL STARTED ONE SUNNY MORNING IN HYANNIS PORT...

CONGRATULATIONS, MRS. KENNEDY! ANOTHER SON!

OH, JOSEPH! WE HAVE ANOTHER BOY!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS ONE, ROSE. HE JUST DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE OTHERS...

I'LL LOVE HIM JUST THE SAME! HE'S SO HANDSOME!



AND SO, A BABE IS BORN...

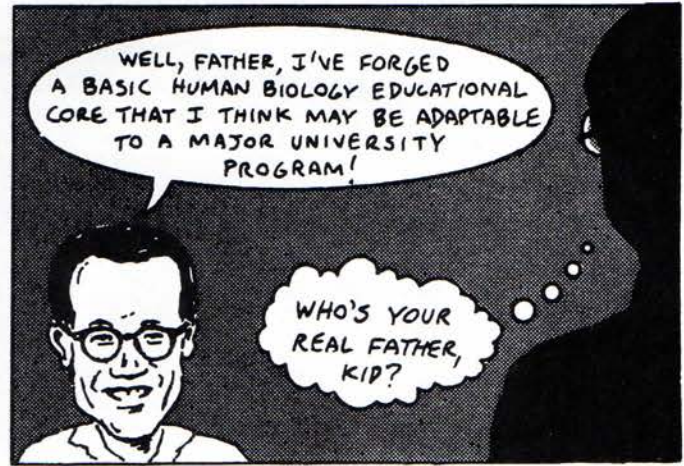
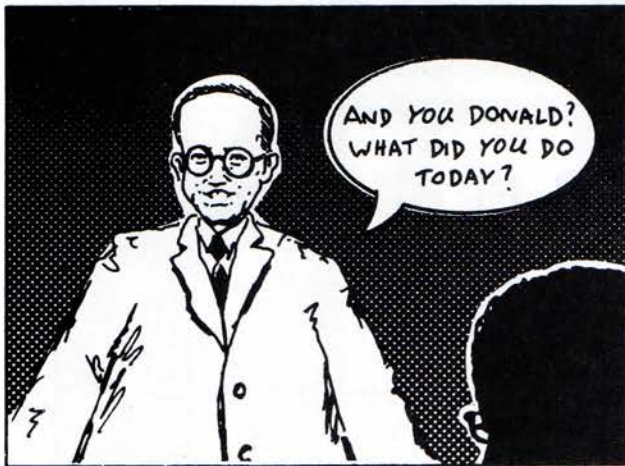
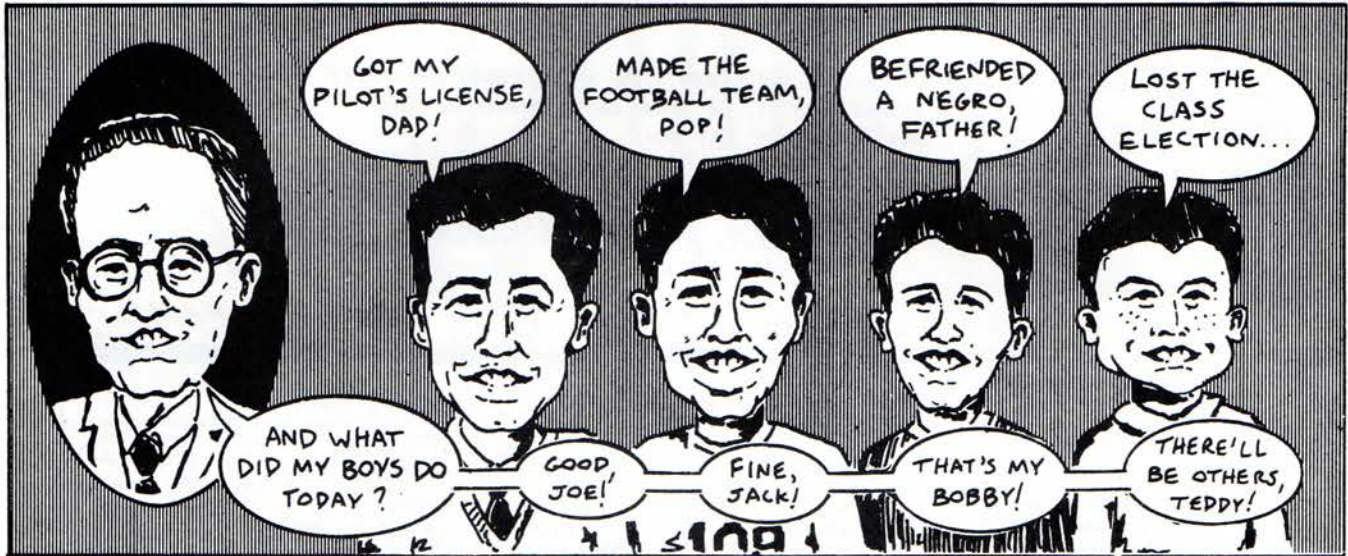


GOO...

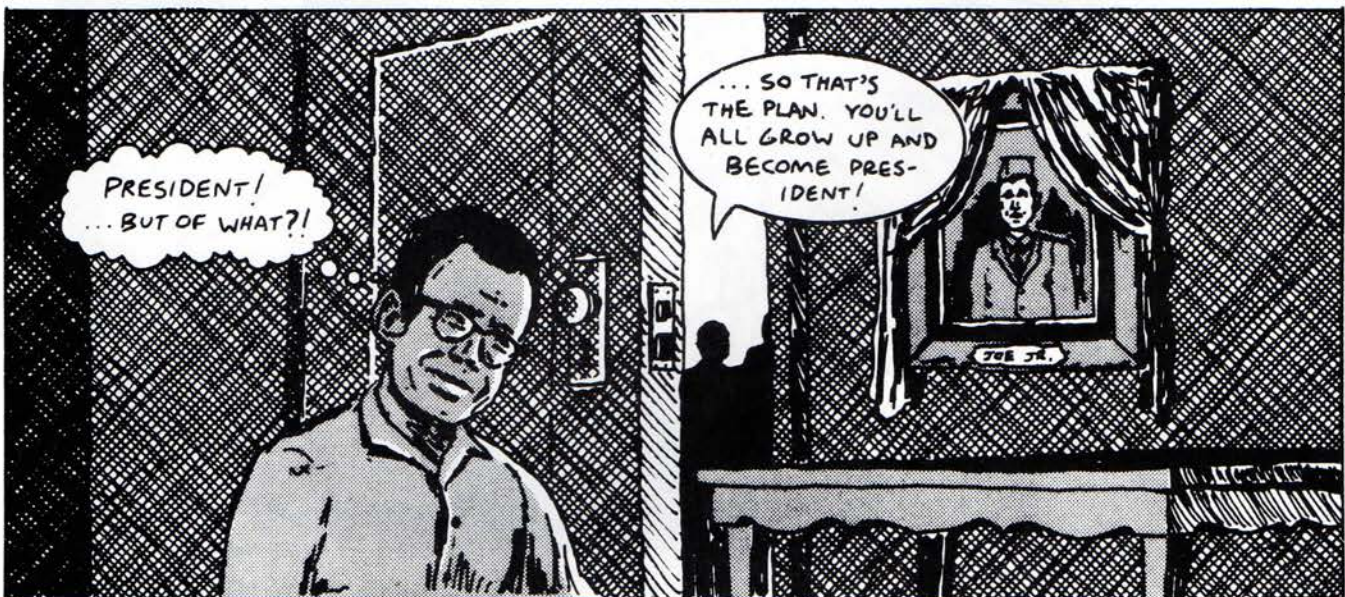
LOOK, JOE, I THINK HE'S SMILING!

...WHO'S YOUR REAL FATHER, KID?

IT WASN'T EASY GROWING UP A KENNEDY. DAD HATED ME FROM THE START...



AS I GREW OLDER, DAD BEGAN TO SEPARATE ME FROM THE OTHERS, AND LEAVE ME OUT OF THEIR PRIVATE TALKS...



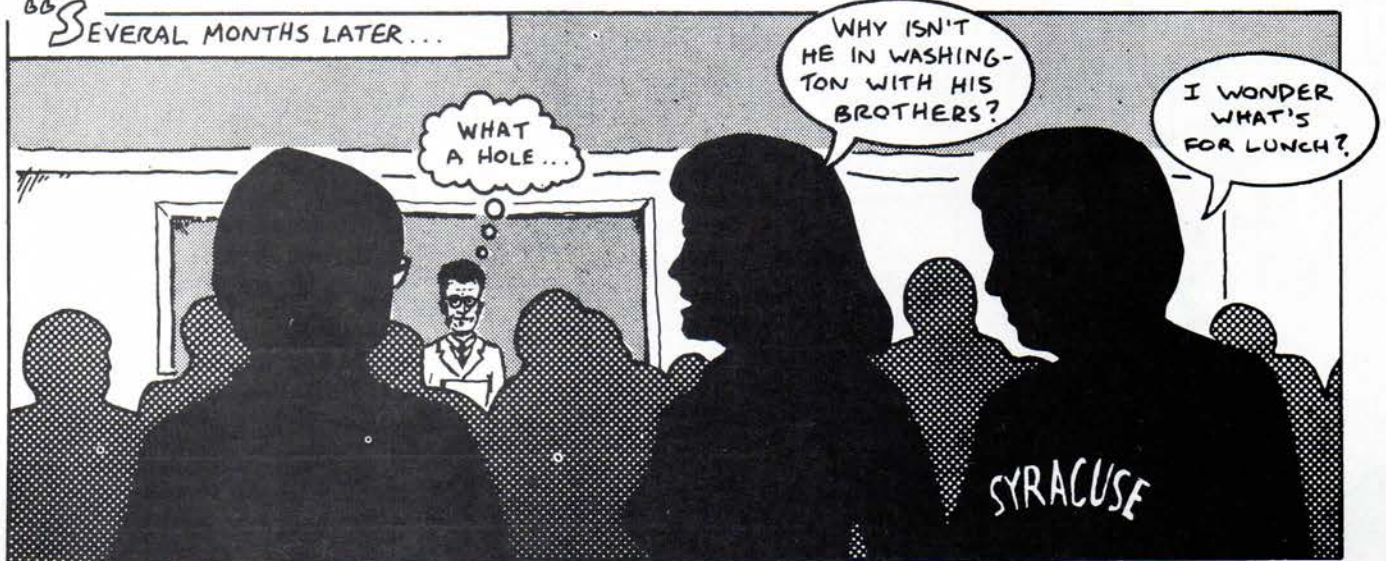
MY HARVARD YEARS WERE HAPPY ONES. I TOOK UP LONG DISTANCE RUNNING, A SPORT I EXCELLED IN...



SUDDENLY, I WAS CALLED BACK TO HYANNIS PORT...



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...



⁶⁶ BUT TIME MARCHES ON. BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL...

AH KNOW Y'ALL WILL LOVE IT HERE AT THE F.D.A., DON!

CHRIST, THIS PLACE MUST BE TEN MILES FROM THE WHITE HOUSE ... I'M DOOMED!



⁶⁶ THEN, ONE DAY...

DONALD? THIS IS DICK LYMAN... WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN—?

I'LL TAKE IT!

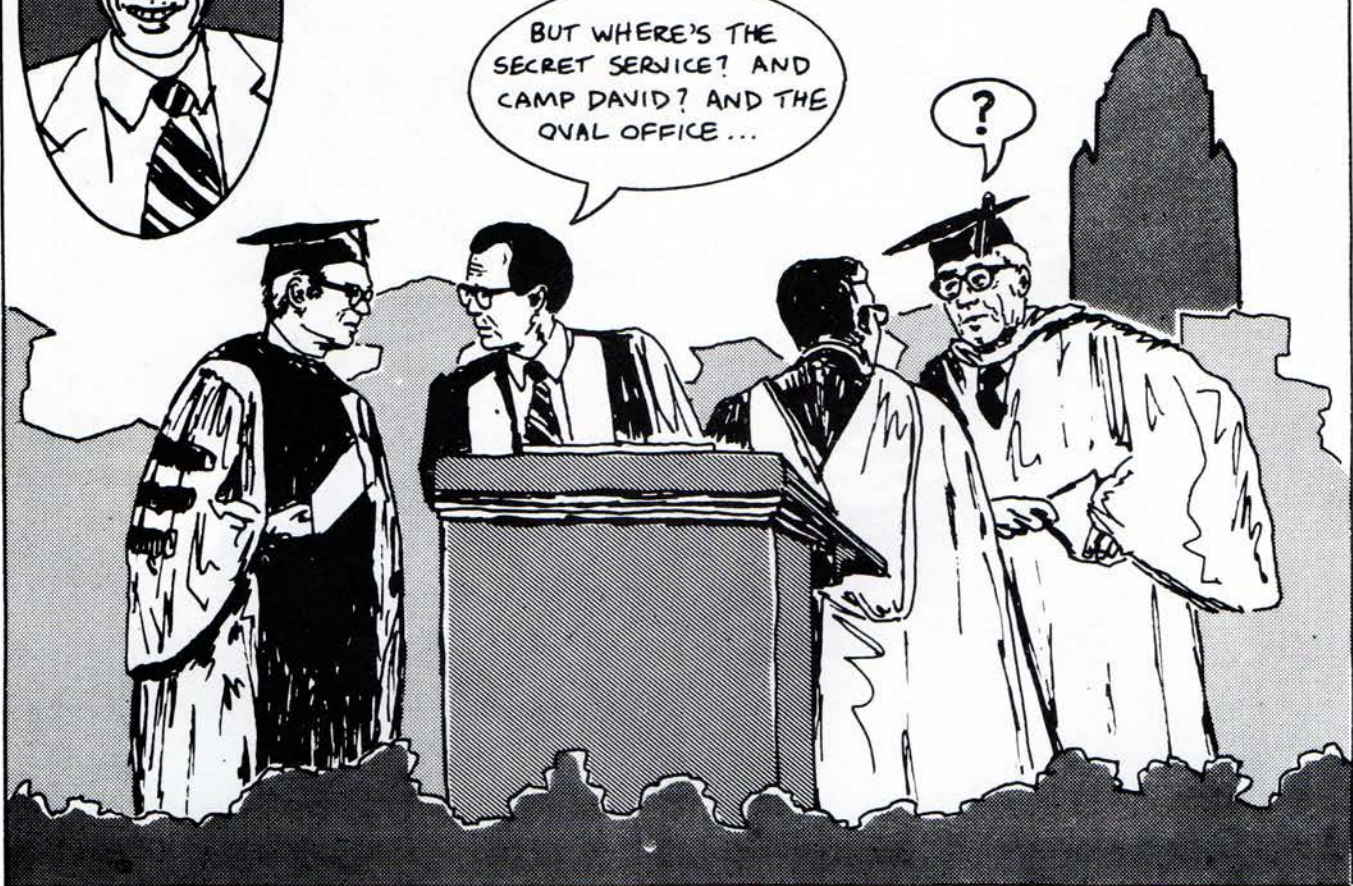


⁶⁶ AND SO, FINALLY, A HAPPY ENDING. PEOPLE WOULD FOREVER CALL ME ... MR. PRESIDENT!⁹⁹



BUT WHERE'S THE SECRET SERVICE? AND CAMP DAVID? AND THE OVAL OFFICE ...

?



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Night Owl Novelettes, well known for our quality adult fiction, happily announce our newest line. These books, written by seasoned veterans, are sure to excite and tickle—your fancy.

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by Michelle Shakesperrier

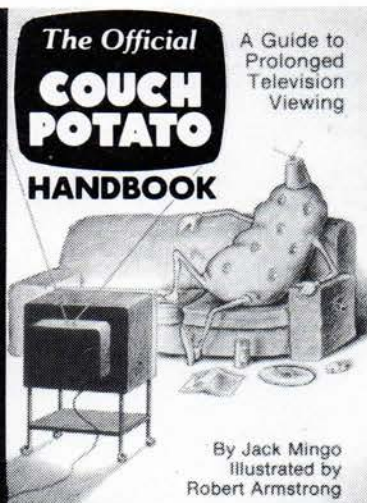


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CORPORATE MAJORS

The Discipline:

Leland Stanford Junior University is the first undergraduate institution to announce a new curriculum designed especially for the emphasis of today's changing world. We have created a new Corporate Major Program of education for students of all academic inclinations. For years the archaic system of departmental majors has been considered obsolete, fostering a perverse intellectualism, a shameful desire for a well-rounded education, and horrendous cost overruns.

Our Corporate Major program changes all that. All incoming freshman are now required to declare their corporate major by the third week of classes. No more wasteful fuddling about for two years, floundering in a morass of choice caused by excessive numbers of irrelevant departments. (Religious Studies? Are these people for real? Get serious.)

Furthermore, the new corporate major cuts the direct cost of tuition to the student, while releasing him/her from stringent distribution requirements. Students can enjoy these enviable positions by simply signing an Employment Guarantee Contract with a sponsoring Big

Brother Corporation (BBC) of *their* choice (or ours if he/she seems too wishy-washy). The contract has only two minor stipulations: (1) that all classes fall into one of the following areas: Business, Commercial Enterprise, Business Science, Applied Economics, Business (again), Mercantilism, and Commerce; and (2) that each student agree to be indentured in a full-time manner to his/her sponsoring BBC for no less than fourteen years upon graduation from the program.

In return for these paltry concessions, the student's BBC pays all (that's right, all, as in total — every last little bit) of the student's incurred tuition expenses. The student then follows a course of study specifically designed by his BBC. Corporations sponsoring these carefully crafted majors include United Multinational Incorporated; Sears, Roebuck, & Electric Company; and Merrill, Streep, Pierce, Fenner, and Smith.

To broaden its students, the corporate major allows the student the option of an elective Applied Humanities course during senior year. The Corporate Major Program also offers many other exciting and stimulating elective courses:

001. Religion and Power — A focused inquiry into basic, righteous thought guided by Jerry Falwell's text — *What God Believes*. The emphasis is on rote memorization of biblical quotations that will command awesome authority when used every day in office memos, answering machine messages, etc.

3 units, Spr (God) Su

012. Engineering and Love — Advanced techniques in the sublimation of the desire for sex into a passion for making buildings are thoroughly discussed, analyzed, and then put into practice. *Eros: Procreation or Construction?* and *Buildings Are Children Too* are required reading. (DR:BS)

2 units, Aut, Win, Spr (Bechtel) MTWThFSSu

003. Western Culture — All the significant artistic contributions from antiquity to the nuclear age with dual emphases on economics and engineering. Students will be required to keep two notebooks for the class, red and black, one recording all people, events, and trends that are good, the other recording all those that are bad. Students will have the freedom and responsibility of choosing which color notebook to put the good history in, and in which to put the bad.

1 unit, Aut (PBS) MW

158. Efficiency in Charity — Elements of the field — loopholes, write-offs, credits, publicity, and shelters — all will be scrutinized according to thrift, protection, and good PR. (DR:B)

4 units, Win, Spr (Exxon) MWF

159. Rhetorical Redundancy — Rhetoric constitutes a great majority of the verbiage used by so many of those people in positions of responsibility in our wonderful society. In this course, we will study linguistic illusions, nominative vagueness, use of the royal "we," the condescending "hey you," and the accusative "yonder schmuck." The text will be *Maximal Utilization of Elaborate Language Unrestricted to Specific Meaning* by General Alexander Haig. (DR:CE)

3 units, Win (Kennedy) MTWThF

348. Legislation Research — Students will be taught to analyze restrictive regulations regarding the environment, tax increases, safety standards, etc. so as to evaluate their actual cost in dollars to relevant corporations. It is recommended that students enroll in *Lobbying* to learn how to repress these unnecessary laws. (DR:AE)

4 units, Spr (Freidman) TTh

349. Lobbying — Advanced rhetorical and argumentative techniques including: friendly suggestion, firm persuasion, calculated manipulation, powerful intimidation, and the skillful use of threats. Prerequisites: Plastics 040, Personal Arms 106.

2 units, Aut (NRA) MW

686. Uses of Music — Students will learn to compose short, hypnotizing chord progressions that can easily be matched with commercial jingles and slogans. Later we will try to "adapt" popular music to fit with corporate themes.

1 unit, Spr (Manilow) T

701B. The Care and Comfort of Calculators — A one unit course for the calculator connoisseur with special hints on key polishing, scraping crud from the corners of the little red window, and carrying case waterproofing. *Joys of Recharging* is the lab manual.

1 unit, Spr (HP) Th

703. Computer Literature — An interdisciplinary program within the School of Computers covering the nuances of similarity and dissimilarity among the major languages: FORTRAN, Pascal, BASIC, COBOL, and LISP. Lots of mail will be required.

5 units, Aut, Win (Abadi) MTWThF

10. Genetical Engineering: Individual Research — Essentially an open lab period designed for free experimentation, an ideal course for the creative tinkerer. Lab fee required to pay for amino acids and cages. (DR:BS)

4 units, Win (DNA) MTWTh

132. Philosophy of Management — Basic theory and technique of domination. Students will cover the full range of Machiavelian authors and ideas including the *Monroe Doctrine*, the *Nixon Memoirs*, and *Mein Kampf*. (DB:M)

3 units, Aut, Win, Spr (Satan) MWF

134. History of Communism's Badness — Scientific analysis of all red phenomena with special attention given to prevention and suppression. Former actor "Tailgunner" Ron is author of the text — "The Trash Heap of History."

1 unit, Aut (McCarthy) M

135. Applied Psychology — Co-optive theory and practical techniques on "How to convince your offspring to enter your profession while adopting both your values and lifestyle." This theme is applied to three primary pre-human stages:

Infancy — The importance of subliminal persuasion and bedtime story selection is instrumental in shaping your baby's character.

Childhood — At this stage the primary means of communication is tubular, that is to say through the Boob Tube. Studies have conclusively shown that permitting your child to view "Marcus Welby," "Let's Make A Deal," or "Paper Chase" can significantly determine which Grad School he/she may opt for.

Adolescence — Here the key is to behave and speak exactly opposite to what you really believe in order to create the desired effect.

5 units, Spr (Zimbaro) TWThFSSu

238. Foreign Policy Seminar: Third World Nations — A close analysis of potential for growth of multinational investment in small, developing, noncommunist countries. Special emphasis will be put on the type of governments which enhance that growth. (DB:AE)

4 units, Aut (Weinberger) TThSu

302. History of Art — An aesthetic journey through the rich, artistically inspired tradition of American commercial art. We will examine common trends and underlying themes in the study of advertisements, logos, packaging labels, billboards, posters, and window displays. . .

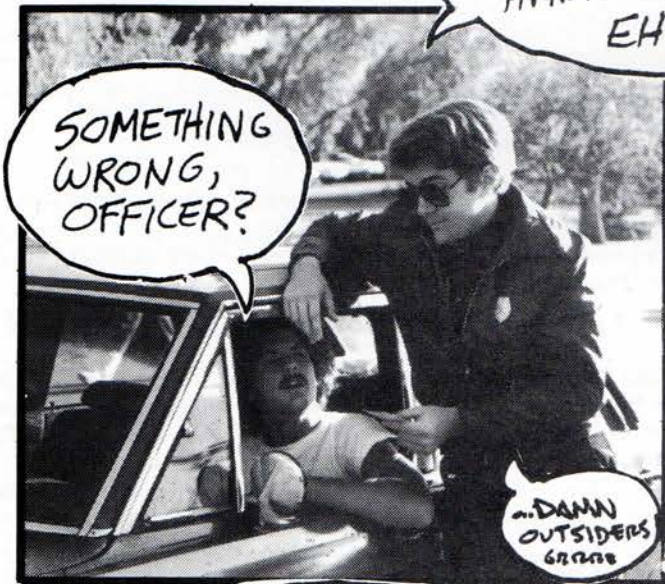
2 unit, Spr (Max and Pollock) TTh



Stanford Police Story

YEAH, TRY
56 IN A 25!
HMMM NEBRASKA
EH?...

NO I THINK
YOU BETTER
STEP OUT HERE
RIGHT NOW.



SOMETHING
WRONG,
OFFICER?

..DAMN
OUTSIDERS
GRABBB

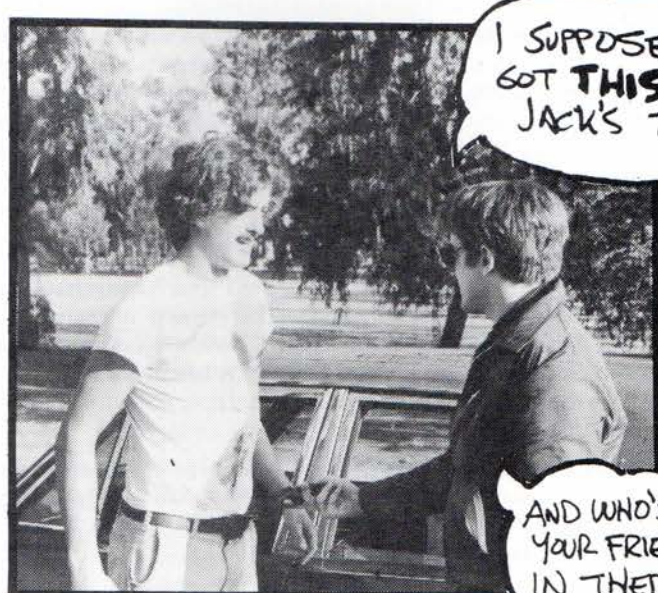


LISTEN, CAN
I JUST SIGN
SOMETHING? I'M
IN A HURRY.



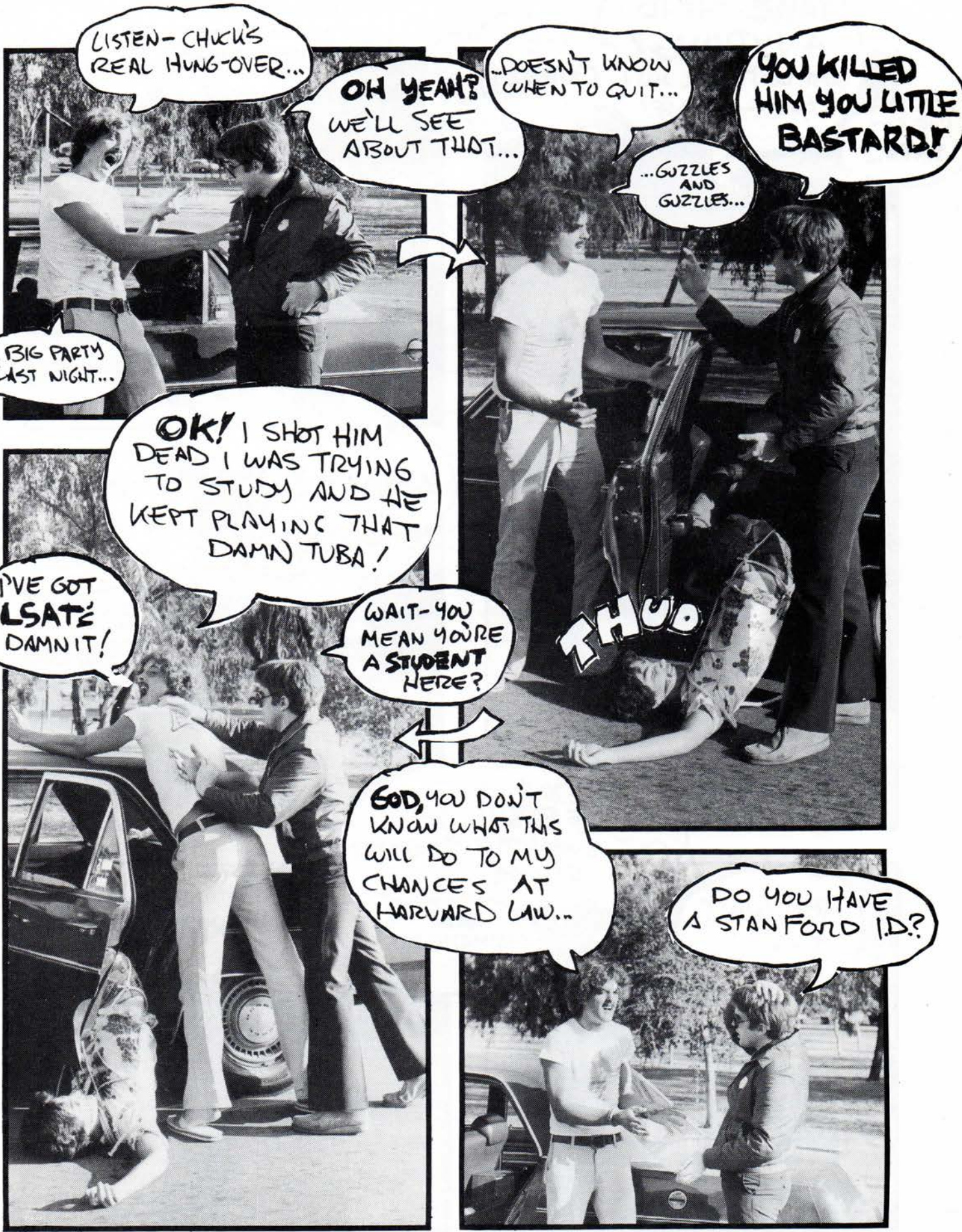
NOW WHAT'S WITH
THE RED STAINS?

UM, WELL...
I JUST WENT TO
JACK IN THE BOX.



I SUPPOSE YOU
GOT **THIS** AT
JACK'S TOO?

AND WHO'S
YOUR FRIEND
IN THERE?



LISTEN - CHUCK'S REAL HUNG-OVER...

OH YEAH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT...

...DOESN'T KNOW WHEN TO QUIT...

YOU KILLED HIM YOU LITTLE BASTARD!

...GUZZLES AND GUZZLES...

...BIG PARTY LAST NIGHT...

OK! I SHOT HIM DEAD I WAS TRYING TO STUDY AND HE KEPT PLAYING THAT DAMN TUBA!

PVE GOT LSAT'S DAMNIT!

WAIT - YOU MEAN YOU'RE A STUDENT HERE?

THUD

GOD, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS WILL DO TO MY CHANCES AT HARVARD LAW...

DO YOU HAVE A STANFORD I.D.?

I'VE GOT
LSATs...

TAKE THE I.D.!
ANYTHING!
JUST DON'T TELL MY
FOLKS... PLEASE!

IT'S
CURRENT!

I'LL BE LUCKY IF I
GET INTO A CREATIVE
WRITING PROGRAM...

LISTEN-THERE'S
BEEN A REAL
MIX-UP.



WHA--?

HERE WE GO
CHUCK...
URS4-DAISY!



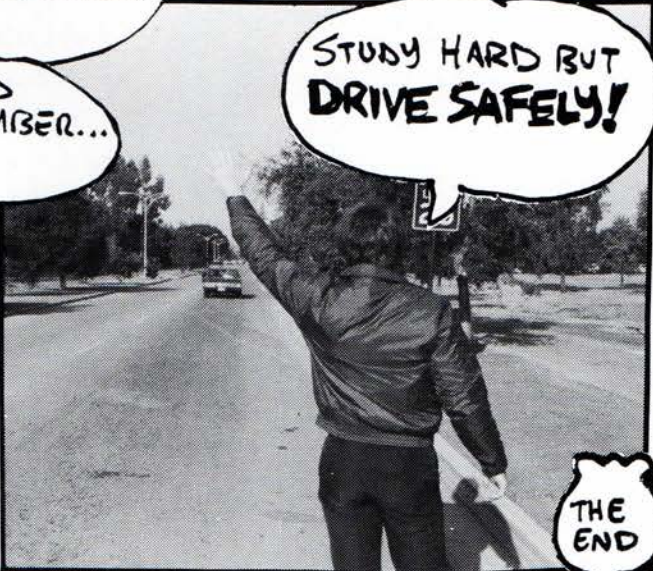
ABOUT YOUR SHIRT...
A LITTLE BIZ'LL GET
OUT EVEN THE TOUGHEST
STAINS...

HEY, WAIT
I--

AND
REMEMBER...



STUDY HARD BUT
DRIVE SAFELY!



THE
END



UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

NAME _____
 LAST FIRST MIDDLE SUFFIX

HOME ADDRESS _____

PALM SPRINGS ADDRESS _____

HEIGHT _____ WEIGHT _____ BUST (if applicable) _____

BENCH PRESS _____ HAIR COLOR (natural) _____

WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING BODY TYPES IS NEAREST TO YOURS (circle one)
 mesomorph ectomorph endomorph
(Please ask your doctor if you don't know what these words mean.)

PERSONAL BANK INTEREST (U.S. and foreign) ACCRUED THIS PAST FISCAL YEAR:
\$ _____

ARE YOU A FOOTBALL PLAYER? _____ IF "YES," PLEASE SKIP TO THE LAST LINE
OF THIS APPLICATION.

NUMBER OF HIRED SERVANTS IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD: _____

NUMBER OF SLAVES: _____

BMW TYPE: YEAR _____ MODEL _____ ACCESSORIES _____

LIST ALL OF YOUR PERSONAL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS: _____

ESTIMATE YOUR PARENTS' YEARLY INCOME (round off to the closest \$50,000;
use exponents if necessary and if you know what they are): _____

HAVE YOU READ A BOOK THIS YEAR? _____ IF "YES," WHY? _____

HAVE YOU EVER HELD A JOB THAT YOUR PARENTS DIDN'T GET YOU? _____
IF "YES," WHY? _____

NAME FIVE OF THE UNITED STATES (for instance: California, New York,
Illinois, Texas, Florida): _____

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE PRIME TIME SIT-COM? _____

WHICH GOSSIP MAGAZINES DO YOU READ REGULARLY?

ESSAY QUESTIONS

(Answer only 1 (one) essay question; please do not exceed the space provided.)

1) HAVE YOU EVER SPOKEN WITH A BLACK PERSON? DESCRIBE THE EXPERIENCE.

2) YOU ARE GOING TO BE STRANDED AT A DESERT RESORT HOTEL FOR THREE WEEKS. YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO BRING ALONG ONLY FIVE (5) OF YOUR FAMILY'S SERVANTS. WHICH SERVANTS WILL YOU BRING? WHY?

3) YOU ARE TRAPPED IN THE BEVERLY HILLS I. MAGNIN FOR ONE (1) HOUR WITH ONLY TEN THOUSAND (10,000) DOLLARS TO SPEND. WHAT WILL YOU BUY? WHY?

***** THE FEE FOR PROCESSING THIS APPLICATION IS NEGOTIABLE *****

IF YOU CAN, PLEASE SEND ALONG A HIGH SCHOOL TRANSCRIPT (your grades) AND ALSO THE ENCLOSED TENNIS PRO RECOMMENDATION. 8 X 10 GLOSSY PORTRAITS OF YOURSELF MAY BE SUBSTITUTED IN LIEU OF (instead of) AN OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT (your grades).


I SWEAR THAT THE INFORMATION PRESENTED IN THIS APPLICATION IS REASONABLY ACCURATE.

SIGNATURE (that's a messy version of your printed name)

APPROXIMATE DATE

HAL'S
Computer Dating Service

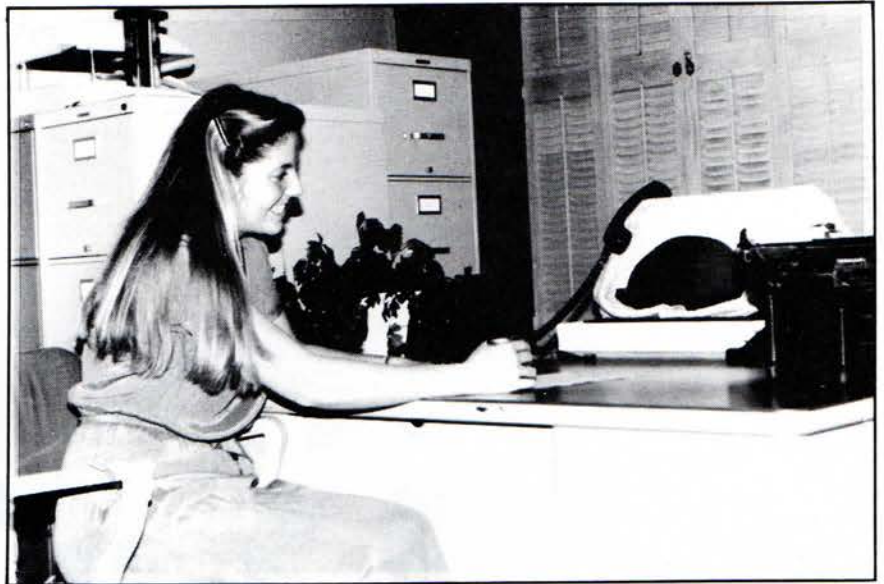
A Creative Program to Fulfill all your romantic needs



***You'll
love our
software***



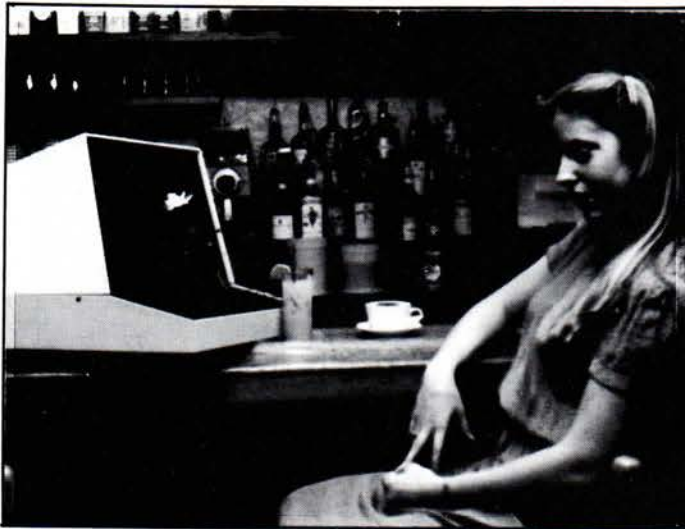
Welcome to the world of future love. If you're like me, you're tired of one-night-stands, marriages, and other meaningless relationships. You want more. We've got it. We provide thoughtful "relationship counselors" to make sure you and your partner are eminently compatible.



We're not like the rest. Instead of showing you videotapes and asking you crass questions, we are interested in *your* needs. By finding out where *you* are coming from, we can program your evening, making it a data you'll never forget.



The Encounter



"You're my computer date?"

Getting Acquainted



"Gee, I never thought of DeSica's 'Ladri di biciclette' as a neo-realist attack of the bourgeoisie."

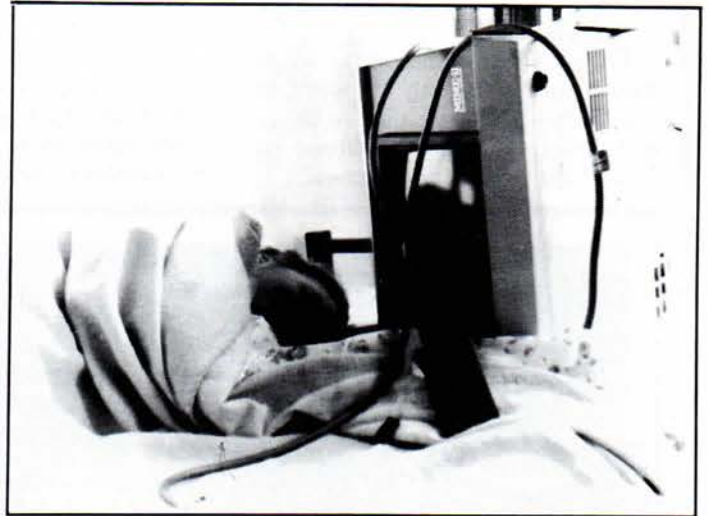
"Ma certo, cara."

The Ride Home



"I never thought I'd be attracted to someone like you."

The Morning After



"Beep . . . beep . . . pfffft . . . wow! . . . beep."



Now that you know how our operation functions, you know why we call it, "Love at first byte."

how to definitely

"Women hate me because I'm fat"
"My nose is too big to ever get a really pretty girl."
"I'm skinny."
"I'm really Spanish, but the chiquitas think I'm Mexican."
"I'm ugly."

It's easy to complain.

You say the competition is too stiff. It's only the good looking guys who get the girls. So maybe you're not a Greek god. Few men are. But that doesn't mean that you haven't a chance.

Can I really compete for really pretty girls?

No, you can't.

Forget about pretty girls. When they're not dreaming up ways to play with your mind, they're either out seducing your best friend or locked up in a bathroom somewhere

forcing themselves to throw up the \$50 lunch they made you buy them so they can stay skinny. Nope, pretty girls are trouble.

Can I score with regular looking women?

What for?

So what's left?

Plenty. With umpteen billion females in the world, it's a veritable smorgasbord of women. But even at a smorgasbord, not everyone can have the prime ribs. But that doesn't mean that the chopped liver isn't just as good, and there's usually not even a line around it.

You mean?

Right. Why bother with the 18-34 crowd, when women under age ten and over age ninety are just as much fun, much more appreciative, and a lot easier to score with.

Under 10

Now before you go running off and hiding under a bed screaming "I don't want to go to jail, I don't want to go to jail!", take a moment to logically consider why eight, nine, and ten year old girls may be right for you. The "under ten" set is pretty without being showy, honest without being brutal, and sweet without being phony. Best of all (and remarkably enough), *there's almost no competition!* Most ten year old boys have no money, and if you have enough spare change to buy a Good Humor bar, you've got a foot in the door.

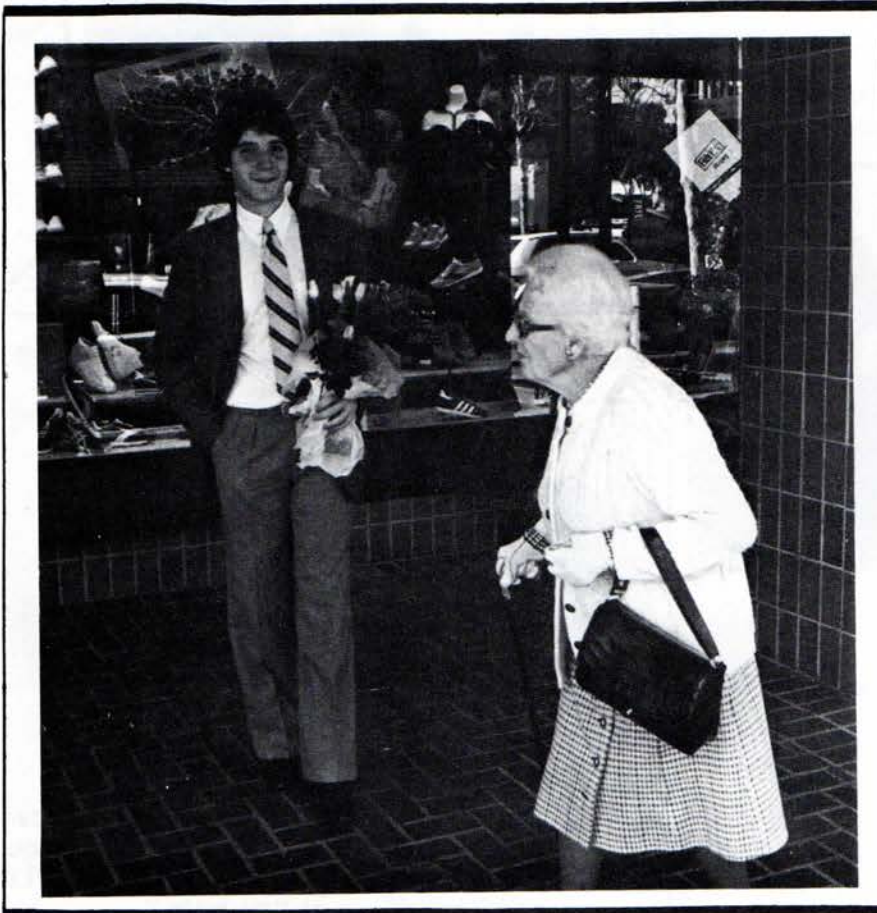
It's easy from here, because ten year old girls aren't very smart and will do anything you tell them. Because they're so young, they don't mind trying things. And in an emergency, the slightest provocation of "betcha can't betcha can't" on your part will make them do things you'd bet they could, but never dreamed they would.

It's enough to make you think that five to ten years isn't such a long time at all.

Over 90

This is the part that really turns a lot of guys off. Many men have expressed to me their feeling that they can't even imagine what it would be like to have sex with a woman who had reached her peak when Europe was still one big country. "It would be like having sex with your grandmother, only much, much worse," is what most men think. But some men, like your grandfather, would be happy to have sex with your grandmother, if only she would stay awake long enough.

The key to having fun with a "sexy senior citizen" is *optimism*. For example, many women over ninety years of age wear dentures, and you know what that means. Right. They come out. Aren't things looking a little brighter already?



pick up girls

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF DATING WOMEN UNDER 10 AND OVER 90

Advantages — Under 10

1. It's easy to beat them in games.
2. They don't have any cellulite.
3. They never fake orgasm.
4. Can't tell the difference between hamburgers and real food.
5. They're almost all virgins.
6. It doesn't cost you as much to take them to the movies.

Disadvantages Under 10

1. They grow up.

Advantages — Over 90

1. It's hard to get them pregnant.
2. You don't have to worry about long term relationships.
3. They never fake orgasm.
4. They have lots of money.
5. You meet very few virgins.
6. You can do whatever you want to them because their memories are so bad.

Disadvantages Over 90

1. They die.

DATING DO'S AND DONT'S

Under 10

- DO tell her how old she looks.
- DO take her out. Kids are people too. Make yours a give and take relationship.
- DO insist on her calling you "Uncle" in public.
- DON'T give her anything with your name on it. Written evidence is deadly.
- DON'T let her memorize your license plate.
- DON'T tell her where you live.
- DON'T (most importantly) get caught.


Over 90

- DO tell her how young she looks.
- DO ask her how she's feeling, but only if you're not in a rush to get anywhere.
- DON'T get involved with her friends. The last thing you need is for her to find another woman's surgical stocking on your back seat.
- DON'T yell into her ear. She can probably hear just fine, and you'll only offend her.

CONCLUSION: A HAPPY LIFE, A HAPPY ENDING

There is a famous anecdote about a conversation between Lewis Carroll, author of *Alice in Wonderland*, and his illustrator, John Tenniel. It seems that Tenniel had a penchant for elderly ladies and wanted to draw Alice as a very old woman. When he asked the lackadaisical Carroll just what it was that he admired in young girls, Carroll spoke these immortal words — "What, John? Little girls? Oh yes, I like them very much. Oh, yes, indeed I do. Little girls, you say? Yes, I suppose so. How I do adore them. Oh yes. Indeed I do."

Tenniel went away disheartened. It is said that the only times he ever enjoyed drawing pictures of Alice was when he fantasized about how she would look as an old lady.

Which one of these men was right? It's for you to choose. Either way you decide to go, you'll probably end up grinning like the Cheshire Cat. 



Leonid Brezhnev: By day, statesman, diplomat, ruler of most of the unfree world. Arguably the most powerful man in the world...



Leonid Brezhnev: By night, family man, devoted husband, grandfather, sports man, MONOPOLY player...



Leonid Brezhnev: By November 10, 1982 just another ugly corpse in the Moscow morgue...



Leonid Brezhnev goes to Socialist Hell

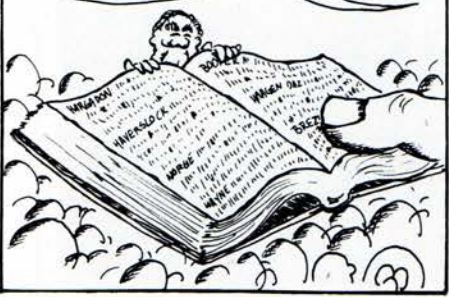
With a little help from his friend, Leonid rises through levels of reality...



And appears at the feet of God...



So, Brezhnev, Leonid, ah yes... "Delusions of grandeur, no sense of humor, ugly wife, uglier kids, perpetrator of the class system, fond of non-revolutionary lifestyles, little regard for opinions of others..."



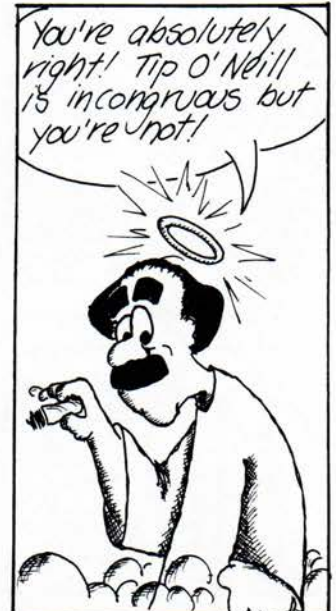
Tisk, tisk, we've been a bad little bolshevik, haven't we? Got anything to say fer yer-self?

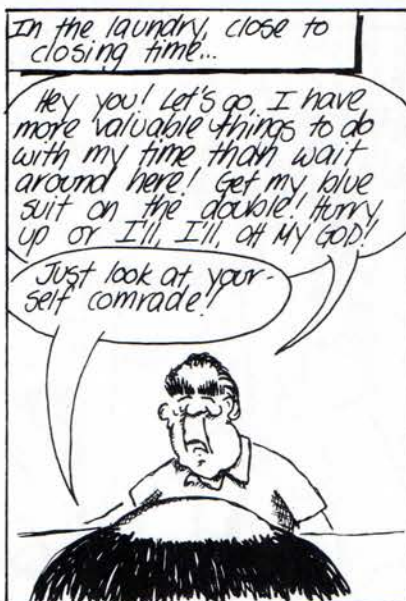
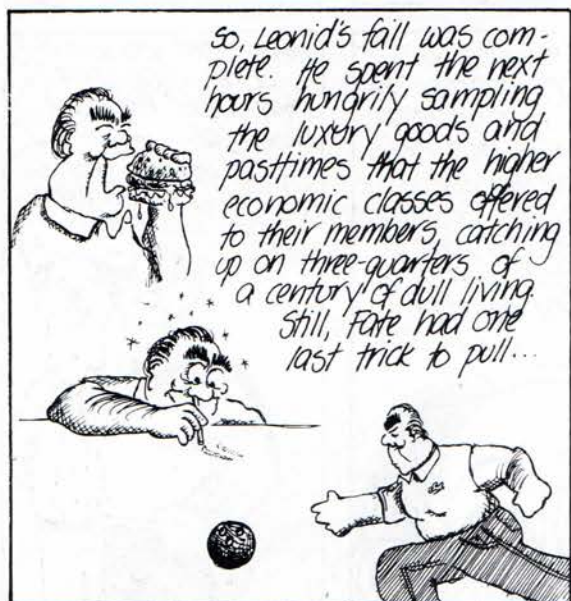
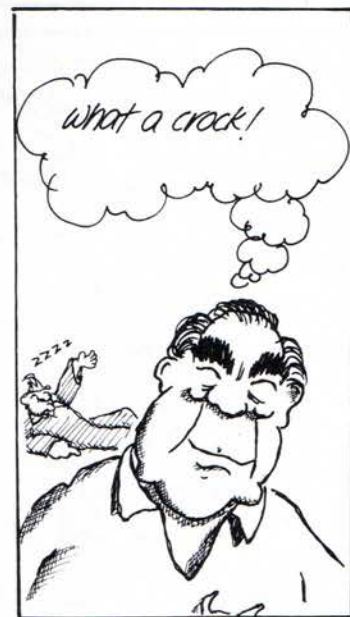
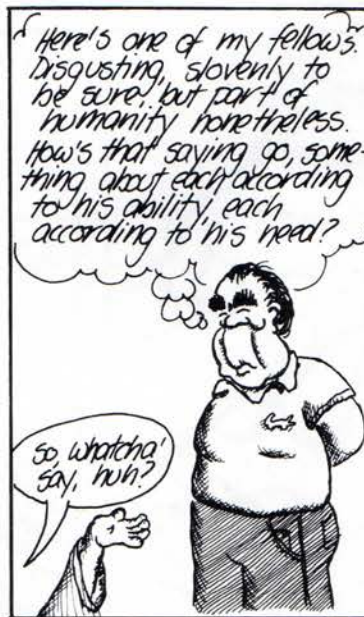
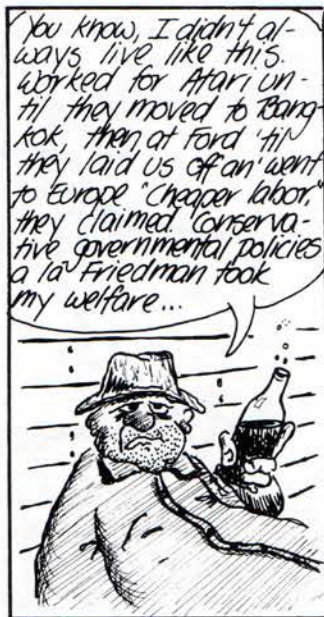
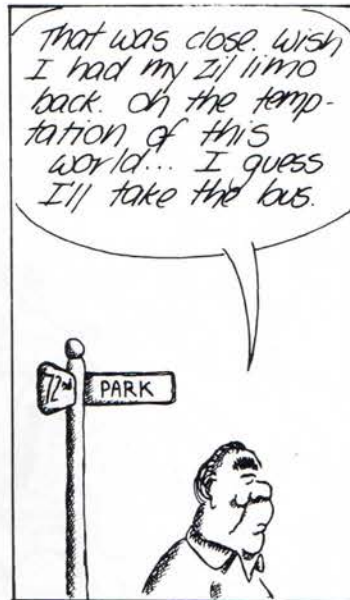
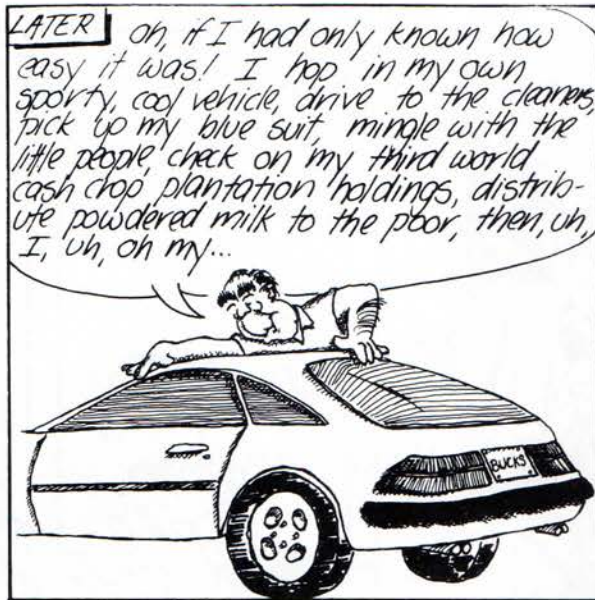
Well, uh, thanks to me our people now have, uh, the biggest military in the world, toasters...



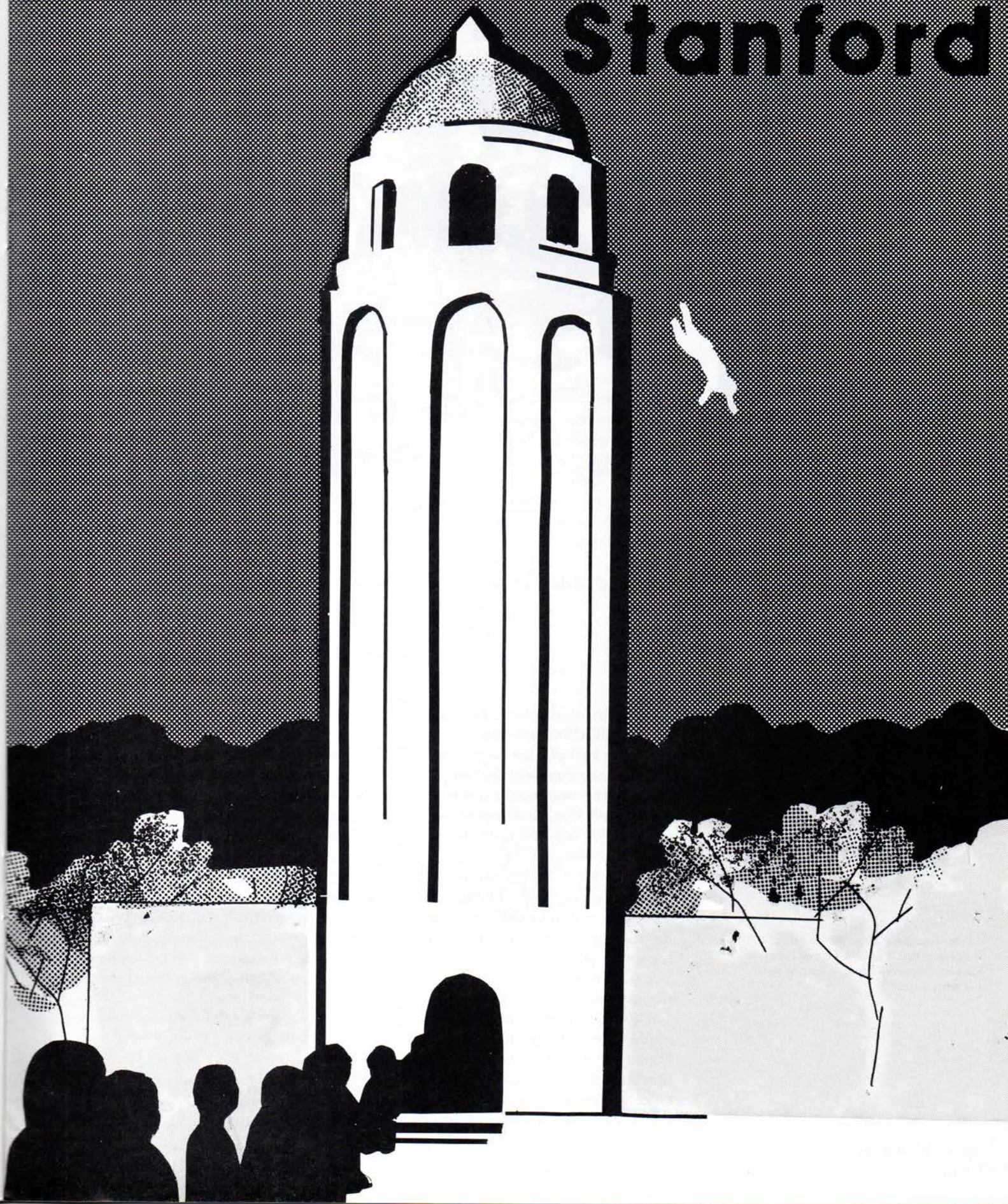
...indoor plumbing, telephones, cotton underwear, internal surveillance, aqueducts...







Reproaching Stanford





Welcome to the Farm

"Stanford is the little things: A failing grade in the class you need to complete your major, a wet dream about a cheerleader who doesn't even know you exist, a roommate who drools, a stolen bicycle, cold, gray meat in the dining hall."

"One nice thing about the winters at Stanford is that it rains a lot and the high humidity is conducive to the growth of mildew and other molds."

All right, so you're in. Big deal. You're just one out of about 1600 kids who got in, most of whom are smarter, scored higher on their S.A.T.s, are more athletic, and are a hell of a lot better looking than you are. They were all captains of the football team and senior class presidents. But you got in anyhow. You got lucky. And getting into Stanford was probably the most exciting thing to happen to you so far. Well, I've got news for you. It's the most exciting thing that will ever happen to you. This is it. It doesn't get any better. And you are just one out of 1600. You have no identity. You're a number, a statistic. If you were to die tomorrow, no one would notice. Your parents wouldn't notice until Christmas when they didn't get a card asking for funds. The school wouldn't notice or care. They have your money. Your professors would just think that you had dropped their classes. On the other hand, they probably wouldn't notice at all. Your roommate would be glad to have the extra space and the use of your typewriter. He'll think that you're at a party. But you're not. You're dead. And no one cares. You're lying bloody in a ditch, and no one cares. It doesn't matter.

You may wonder how you got in. Most likely it was because the worst of the applications were given sympathy points and when yours hit the top of the pile, Fred was snorting nose-candy and all of a sudden, your essay was really cosmic. Maybe you got in because of the bomb threat you made. It doesn't matter why. Once you're in, you're in. Even if you never have and never will work for a single day in your life, you're in. And now you have four years to try to figure out why you wanted to get in in the first place.

"Don't count on having sex."

Where You Live

Some time over the summer, you may get a housing assignment, or you may not. There is a shortage of housing. It all really depends on how much the housing department likes you, who you are, and what your sister looks like. Our housing officials are experts who have gone through years of school and grueling on-the-job training. But they don't care. They don't care if you get housing, if you don't get housing, or if you don't like where you are assigned. They don't have to care.

So anyhow, you get a place to hang your dental floss. And you will have a roommate, or several roommates, perhaps dozens of roommates. It all depends upon how they feel when they make assignments. The idea is to save as much money as possible. And it's a hell of a lot cheaper to put twelve guys into a double, by adding a few bunks, than to build a whole new dorm complex. Money is also saved in the bathrooms with a strict following of the campus-wide flush-once-a-week policy. And the money saved goes to such worthy causes as the Stanford Students Coalition for the Preservation of Polio and Other Crippling Childhood Diseases. You and your roomies will get very well acquainted.

You may wonder how roommate assignments are made. Well, it's done very carefully. Usually it's based upon finding people who have different and varied interests. This is why they mix Californians and Non-Californians, smokers and non-smokers, blacks and KKK members. It is important that you keep your roomies in line. Establish racial and social superiority, set up some initial living rules, and make it known that you will take no grief.

A great way to get off to a good start with your roomies is with a practical joke. So, blow your nose on their shorts, scratch your initials on their albums with a fork, and play "Sit and Spin" on their \$1200.00 turntable, just to get the relationship off on the right foot.

Academic Life

Stanford has a reputation as a tough school, a real ball-buster. For a good reason. The battle scars you pick up here will stay with you for the rest of your life, haunting your every step as a young adult, finally leaving you as a cold, hollow shell, full only of shattered hopes and broken ambition, like your parents. Many people simply can't do the work. You, for instance. If you are the average Stanford student, half the people are smarter than you are, and will get better grades. The other half, the half dumber than you are, will cheat and get better grades than you. That's the way it is. Period. And anyone who tells you any different has a well-thought-out reason for lying.

Some professors will tell you that grades mean little and not to get "hung-up" on them. If advisors sense that you are upset, they will tell you not to worry, and that even a bad grade from Stanford is nothing to be ashamed of. Professors and advisors, above all, are human beings. Human beings with children that go to Stanford. And they know that anyone that they can convince to stop taking grades seriously is one less person that their child has to crawl over to get to the top of the heap. Worry about grades.

Worry about a major. There are only three majors that are worth anything in the real world, and that, after all, is where we live. There are three, but you are too stupid to be an electrical engineer, so you've only got two options. Don't think about designing your own major. Originality is a poor disguise. Major in economics or biology; we all know why you're here.

"I remember how it used to really piss me off when my roommate got up early for his 8:00 class and I wanted to sleep until 10:00. So one night, when he was asleep, I beat his head to a pulp with a sledge hammer."

"I remember once when my roommate wanted to borrow a pencil. I said, 'Fuck no!' If you give 'em an inch, they take a mile. Don't give 'em nothing."

"I had a roommate in my sophomore year who was a Christian Scientist and that bastard kept hiding my insulin."

"I knew I was going to have a great time at Stanford when I turned out the light in my room the first night and saw thousands of little florescent swastikas, glowing on my ceiling."

"I had to sleep with my professor to pass a course last year. I'm so ashamed."

"Three weeks into the quarter, and I still haven't cracked a book yet."



Suicide

"I came to Stanford to grow as an individual. Since then, I've cut off all my hair, put three safety pins through my cheek, and gone deaf in one ear."

"I thought it would be hard to find a good job here that wouldn't conflict with my studies. No one had told me about the great opportunities in the black market for stolen laundry, however."

"Don't cut classes, cut your wrists."

A lot of people find it hard to commit suicide on "The Farm." Maybe it's that the winters are too mild in California, or the fact that there is usually someone more pathetic than you around to cheer you up (see The Coffee House), or the feeling that since Stanford is on the fault line, suicide is just so much wasted effort. And, if you didn't know better, you could swear that Stanford discourages taking one's own life. It's tough to cash in your own chips when the only building over three stories high has bars on the windows, and when they make you work with crayons during dead week because they want to keep sharp objects out of your reach.

But the term "dead week" should be a tip-off. If you really want to, you can. In all honesty, it's a good way out of many "adult" problems that arise during the college years. You will have no problem with deciding what classes to take, with what major to declare, with how you're going to get money for room and board, or any of that. It shows your parents that you care, it shows your boyfriend/girlfriend that you care, and it shows your roommate that the typing at two in the morning really does get on your nerves.

Suicide helps, and the administration knows it. Remember this the next time the bookstore has a rope sale, or the next time they put out steak knives for "special" dinners, or when they fill the lake. There is a housing shortage, and classes are overcrowded. They want you out.



"I can't believe it. Everyone on my hall had electric razors."

The Bay Area

The San Francisco Bay Area has three airports and therefore more flights per capita than any other U.S. megalopolis. And since really good theatre, symphony, and museums are only a five hour plane flight away, the Bay Area is a virtual Canterbury for culture. In the time it would take you to pull an all-nighter you could be watching a first-run Broadway production — instead of the usual traveling companies that residents of most cities have to put up with.

As far as sports, the local scene again has much to offer. For excitement there's nothing like having your hopes raised and then dashed once again by perennial second-place teams like the Oakland Raiders or the San Jose Earthquakes. And with the clubs in both the National and American Leagues, the Bay Area plays host to some of the greatest and most exciting teams in baseball.

But of course, this is California. What could compare to the spectacular scenic splendor of the fog rolling in over the beaches of Half-Moon Bay? And for the urban-oriented, a drive through San Jose's famous "Boulevard of the Planned Communities" will reward the eye with acre after acre of spectacular scenic symmetry. Yet when one speaks of the San Francisco Bay Area, one is really speaking of the world's most spectacularly scenic city. A word for the wise: don't call it Frisco as this is the name of a popular local cooking oil and many of the City's roving bands of quaint suburban "queer bashers" might get the wrong idea.

"When I first came to California I didn't know a thing about body surfing, let alone body casts."

"The Chaparral, yeah!"

"President Kennedy calling for The Chaparral. Yes, he'll hold."

Extracurriculars

There's one word on afterclass fun at Stanford: *Chaparral*. The *Daily's* a bunch of stick-in-the-sphincter preprofessionals and the Band consists of latent high school stoners with a repertoire of mid-'70s hits originally done by groups like Chicago and Free. There may be someone on your hall who plays third trumpet for the band, but chances are that he's also the one who leaves Jergens-filled condoms in the girl's hall. Besides, everybody in the Band plays third trumpet.

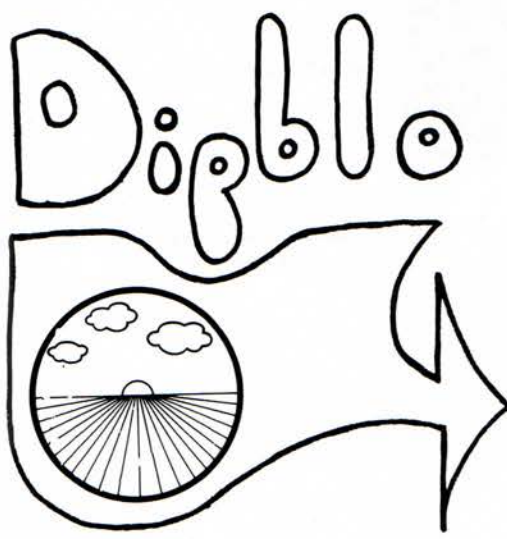
The frosh-in-the-know hangs out at the *Chappie* offices. Why? Because not only is the *Chaparral* a fun place to do and be, but if you're a staffer, you're sure to see your name in print. And isn't that better than standing around in a hot stadium as part of the "R" in DOG TURD?

"Sure they're funny and all, but they're also geniuses."

"The Daily? P.U. I stick with the Chappie."



Willbora



Helene Le Chant
Geneva, Switz.
(exchange student)



Abi Jabbari
Teheran, Iran



Buck "Charlie"
Daniels
Horney Town, NC



Greta Klink
Dusseldork,
Germany



Bob Brady
Los Angeles, CA



Myrna



Victor Zxyoski
Ashbury Park, NJ



Thor Hyerjencks
Eureka, CA



Buster "Gino"
Pavarotti
Livermore, CA



Chris Brady
Los Angeles, CA



Grover Filmore
Pierce Cleveland
Roosevelt Taft
Washington Smith
Oakland, CA



Buffy Summit
Palos Verdes, CA



You



John A. Weatherby
London, England



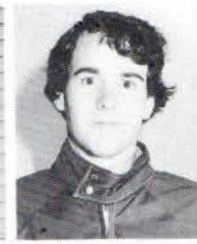
John B. Weatherby
London, England



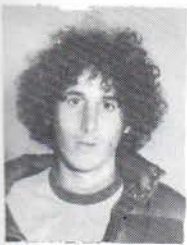
John C. Weatherby
London, England



John D. Weatherby
London, England



John Smith
Town, CA



Alvie Snitwitz
New York, NY



Debbie Tante
San Diego, CA



Rutherford
Manning III
Exeter, NH



Virgil Sims
Texarkana, TX/AK



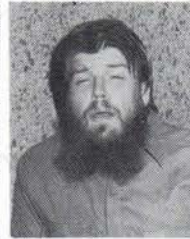
James Hendrix
Seattle, WA



Iris Ogramowitz
Santa Chinga, CA



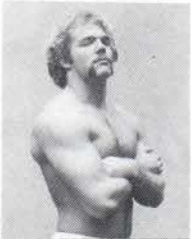
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"Bud"
Hard Knocks H.S.



Greg Brady
Los Angeles, CA



Rock Des Cartes
Venice, CA



Efrain Ding
Seattle, WA



Sandy Poon
Newport Beach, CA



Sally Clark



Jan Brady
Los Angeles, CA



Geoff Baskir
Cowlick, WV



Mary Jane Twitty
Spinster, SC



John
Littlerunningskunk
Zupi Res., AZ



Polly Unsaturate
Twin Peaks, CO

WATNAWAY HOUSE



Henry Ward
Elbow, TN



Janet Bryant
BB Gun, AL



John Wirth
Wooden Sword, OR

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Name of Fraternity/Sorority
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Edward Brown
Glass Shard, OH



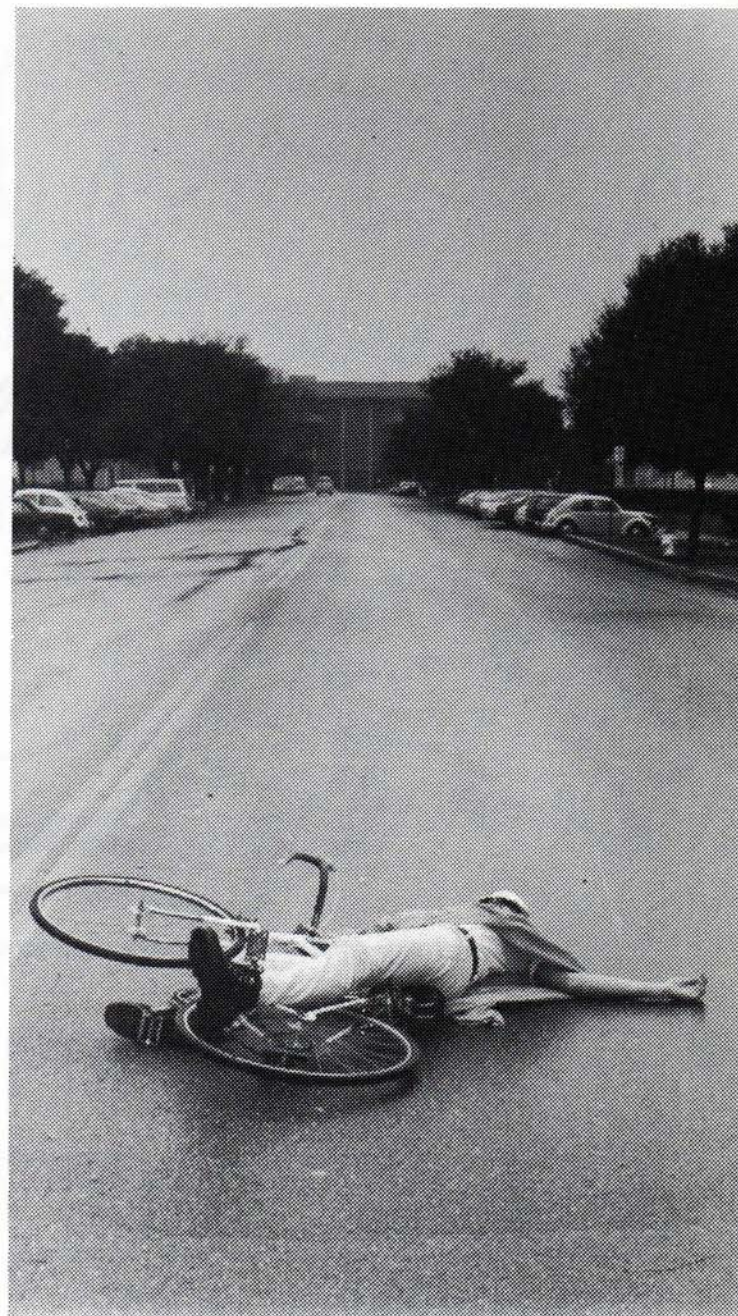
Elaine Wyatt
No.2 Pencil, NY



Jason Hammet
Book Corners, MI



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Sharp Object, NE





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disagree to such an extent:
discover the truth by reason alone. 9"
I think your point is original and
clearly stated, but I am often wrong

Please don't hit me
Anymore! A+

Harper's Weekly, June 28, 1943 pp. 46-48. Gotcha. F.

... so I figured what the hell? You sleep
through my lectures. D-

THANKS FOR THE FLATTERY
I WAS HAVING A LOUSY
DAY. A+

BARELY SLIGHTLY
INTERESTING.

D+

Professor Comments

Architects,
the Bauhaus
the designer's
collective desire
Beware: unpredictable and
modern architecture

I was really hoping this
wouldn't be a good paper
but dammit, it was excellent!
What a pain. C-

OH, YOU AGAIN. C-
Exactly word-for-word
like your last paper,
which was quite good.

Splendid! I think I've
known you long enough to
be able to say that this
paper represents your
absolute finest work

Keep your head up. Don't take it so hard.
There'll be other papers. Don't take it personally.
I hate showoffs. F
I'm sorry. F

DON'T SEE ME. C
hurt expected.
gone was a fr
suffered the nega
happen, but they in no

LIKED THE PERFUME. B-

OLYMPIAD

(2004)

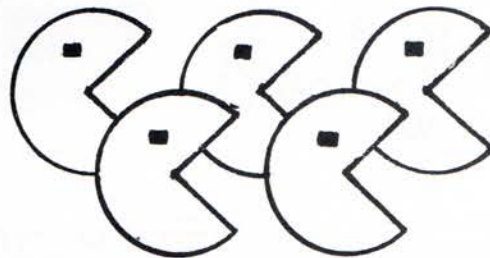
Dick: Well, Bob, now it's time for one of the most grueling and exacting of the Olympic events—the uninterrupted Space Duel marathon.

Bob: That's right, Dick. These fine young athletes are prepared to spend just as long as it takes to win in front of that screen. Nicky Ebersol, representing the United States, is looking for his second gold token. He won his first yesterday in the Donkey Kong Freestyle Floor Exercises. It's that kind of finger dexterity that could give him the advantage he needs here.

Dick: Nicky is going up against tough competition all the same. Viewers will remember that it was his opponent, Yuri Verchick, who took the gold three times in the last Olympic's quarter-slam. What he lacks in digital prowess he more than makes up for with the quickest hand-to-pocket and coin-to-machine reflexes anywhere. It really is a match too close to call.

Bob: All right, we've got a starter on the floor now, Dick. He's going to carefully check both machines and the players before giving the signal to begin. This year's Olympic Committee certainly wants to avoid the kind of controversy that marred the competition four years ago.


Dick: So true. You can see him deliberately counting the fingers on each player's hands: another twelve-fingered Soviet entry won't be slipping through this time around! Everything seems to be in order; he's handing each competitor his allotment of coins and the players are taking their places at the video console. Yuri won the



toss and will be playing the left side of the machine—a tough break for the right-handed Ebersol. Both youths look ready and determined as they take their places. The ref is about to give the signal... they're off! From here, it looked as though Yuri got that first quarter slammed in just moments ahead of Nicky. Well, Bob, it could be hours now.

Bob: Or days, Dick. Who can forget the Lazenby/Dixon match eight years ago, when both young men played for two and a half weeks, at which point their fingers fell off and a tie was declared. That's the kind of selfless enthusiasm that makes *The Games* what they are.

Dick: It's an enthusiasm bred of dedicated practice. These athletes spend hours in arcades and at home each day working the basics: eye-to-hand co-ordination, finger speed, thumb strength, joystick technique. It's a discipline that requires commitment, and a willingness to make sacrifices. You've got to forgo things like the outdoors, Bob, and friendship, sleep, the family. Easy it isn't, but this is the payoff. They're all winners today, Bob.

Bob: I'd say at least half of them in any given event, Dick, and that's still a lot of winners. Ebersol and Verchick are really showing some good fingers here, and we'll be sure to keep constant tabs on their progress. Meanwhile, it's back to Frank Simpson for complete coverage of the extemporaneous programming pre-lims. Till then, Dick and Bob signing off live from the Olympic Village Arcade. 

Fuck it. Just rip out the whole page.



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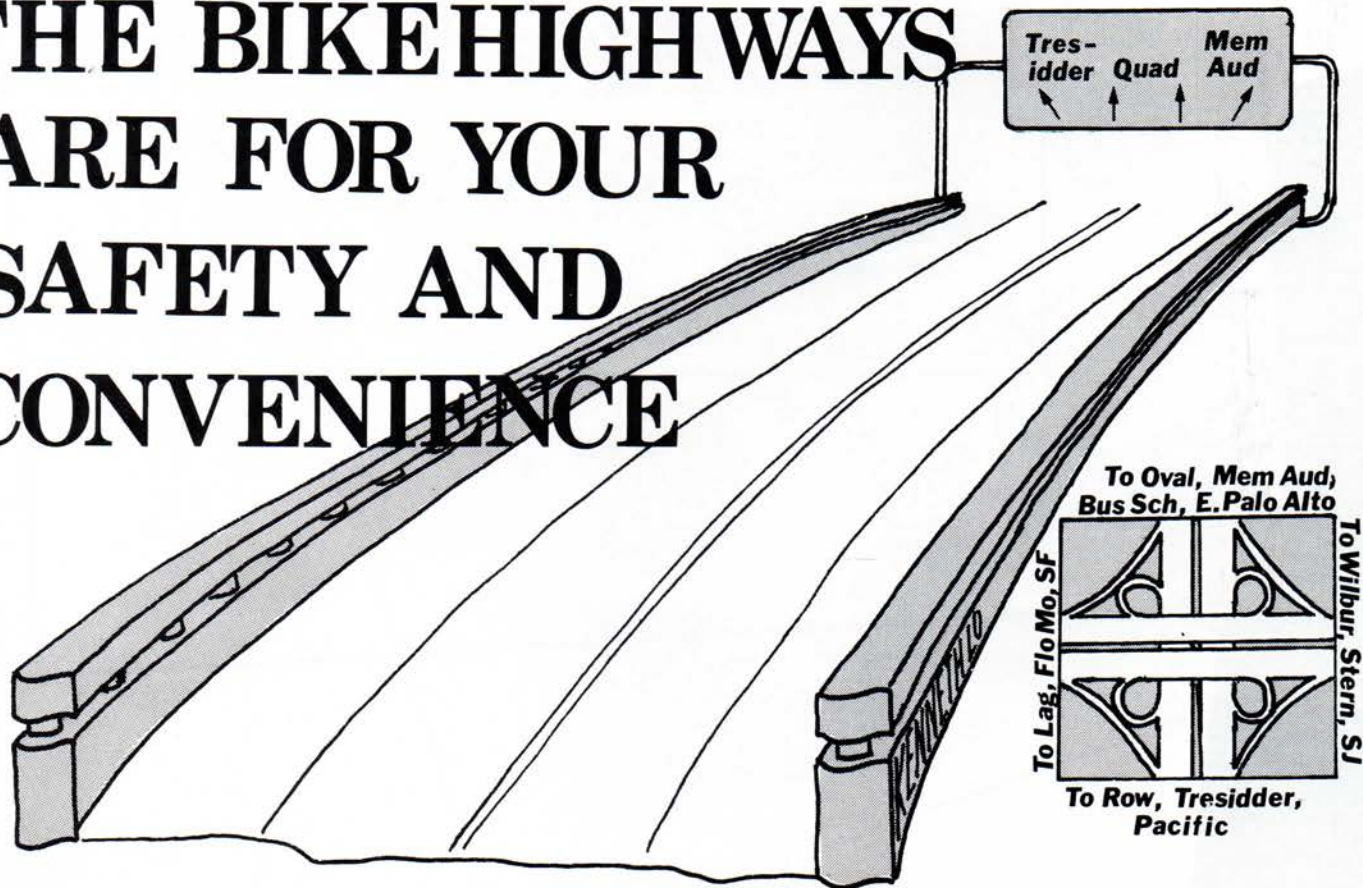
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TEXAS.

TEXAS HAS THE BOMB

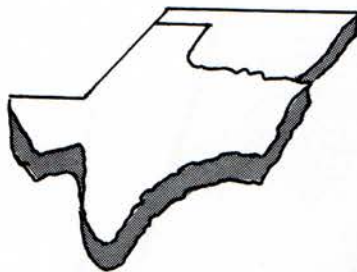
A collection of writings on the most powerful confrontation of the early twenty-first century, compiled and edited by Michael P. Collins, Professor Emeritus, History, Stanford University.

(Editor's Note: All of the following excerpts are used by kind permission of the authors. All rights reserved.)

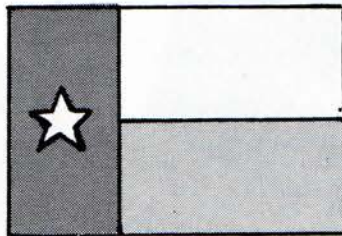




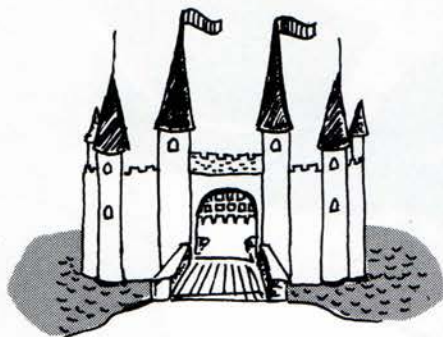
Governor Clark was the King of Fun.



Texas is our country's third largest state.



Flag O'Texas — before



Capital: Dumbo
Pop: 1,033,320

Texas Governor Robert Clark, the King of Fun, didn't feel the least bit funny. He stared dejectedly at the pile of bills and memos that crowded the desk before him. No fun there. He opened the bottom drawer and pulled out his well-worn bag 'o laughs and switched it on. Rolling laughter rippled through the room and then died with a crack as he slammed the drawer home. "Nothing," he sighed, "is fun anymore." He stood up and walked to the file cabinet across the room, and—having made sure of his privacy—fished out his custom crafted talking teddy. "Good Morning, G'vner!" it perked as he let loose the pull string. "The world was made for you!"

"No it isn't and no it wasn't" Clark retorted hotly, getting a firm grip on the fuzzy nape of the teddy's neck. "It's another boring morning in the Land of Fun, top of another week in Walt's country, and that's hardly a jolly prospect. Hell, even Texas A&M's closed down. Now *that* was funny. . . ." A quiet cough startled the Governor and he turned to find his secretary, Patty Sinkin, standing patiently in the doorway, mouth agape. "Governor Clark," she whispered in quiet disbelief, "You . . . you've been arguing with a teddy bear?"

"Follow the good times to Texas!" suggested the bear as the startled Clark let the string fall from his fingers. It was time for things to change.

Deep in the Heart of Texas

Sinkin, Patricia
Random House, 2065.

Texas was the 28th state to achieve statehood, and the third largest in the United States. Dwarfed only by Alaska and Greenland, its borders encompass 250,000 square miles. At the turn of the century, Texas faced a dilemma of considerable proportion: what to do now that their resource base, which had formerly consisted largely of petrocarbons and agricultural products, was depleted. In 2024, Texas boldly dealt with its rapidly worsening situation: invoking state's rights and the spirit of American capitalism, Texans sold their troubled state to the Walt Disney Corporation. Aggressive advertising and a series of unparalleled achievements have helped lay to rest the qualms of many early skeptics who saw nothing entertaining or even vaguely amusing about acre upon endless acre of arid, depleted wasteland. Change had been a big part of what has made this self-proclaimed "Land of Fun" exciting. In 2025, all place names were changed

to those of well-known Disney characters. In 2032-34, the Panhandle was carpeted. *American's Hot Tub*, formerly the Gulf of Mexico, was surrounded by redwood planks in 2036-37. Such developments, in combination with a constantly expanding variety of rides and attractions, have resulted in the healthy tourism upon which the Disney state so heavily relies. Some indicators, however, predict a steady fall-off throughout the later 2050's and into the 2060's. Population (from 2050 census) 27,542,069. Capital: Dumbo, Pop. 1,033,320.

Worlds Book Encyclopedia
Field Enterprises, 2054

"There we were, Billy Art Phil Lou, just my wife Beatrice and me out in the middle of *nowhere!* We'd charged up the flyer back in Huey, but that was hours before and the meters were starting to read pretty low. Well, Beatrice was havin' one heck of a time with that State O' Fun Happy Travelers Map, and we were *lost*, let me tell you (chuckle). It's not too long after that when I see this tumbledown heap of buildings - I'm talking *wooden* buildings, Billy Art Phil Lou, just up ahead. You couldn't really call it a town, but I figured we might get some help from the locals. So I parked the Winnebago and walked over to the biggest of the buildings, wonderin' all the while where all the folks must have gotten off to. Then I look up top of the place and I see this falling down old sign that reads "Luchenbach". And I'm thinking to myself, what kind of a funny name is "Luchenbach"? So I walk through the swinging doors and dammed if there aren't ten or twenty fellars all gussied up in nice white lab coats, all sittin' around staring at this *bomb*. Then they weren't staring at that bomb any more; they were staring at *me*. 'Well, Gaw-lee,' I smiled big as I could muster, 'How about them Longhorns!'"

Excerpt from the transcript of Mr. William Spaulding on "The Prince William Arthur Phillip Louis of Wales Show." April 12, 2062

While many modern historians debate the time of the Luchenbach project's initial conception, it is unquestionable that it was the strong prodding of the disgruntled Clark administration that finally brought about the completion of Operation "Last Laugh." Clark,

and the vast majority of the citizens he represented, had come to a startling realization: it wasn't Texas that wasn't funny anymore, it was the United States. What a boring place: four continental time zones, two former Presidents named John Adams, four states that began with the letter "A." Texas wanted out—and fast. It was time for change, and Operation "Last Laugh" was a means to that end—a good, quick punchline to bring America to its knees.

Texan Civilization

Burns, Lerner, and Meacham
Norton Publishing, 2070

"I don't believe this. Prince William Arthur Phillip Louis of Wales and 50 or 60 million members of the late night TV audience knew about this before we did." Secretary of State Joel "Stubble" Lehrman was furious, and the other members of the inner cabinet—Chief of Staff Michael Wallen, Domestic Affairs Advisor Don Watson, and National Security Advisor Jeff Schmase—were checking discreetly for emergency exits in the White House briefing room. Lehrman wiped the foam from around his mouth and glared accusingly at each man in turn. "Well, sir," coughed Schmase, nervously adjusting his tie, "We have very few operatives in the, uh, Luchenbach area." He laughed hopefully. "But quite a few who watch late-night TV. How about I just get on the phone and make a few calls." He began to rise. "I'll have this cleared up by morning." Lehrman gave him a look that unmistakably ruled out the possibility of leaving with both legs. "The entire state of Texas has been sealed off," he continued, opening a worn Land of Fun Amusement Map. "They're allowing no one in, and communications have been cut off completely." He paused for dramatic effect, poking an angry finger at Dumbo. "We don't know what it is they have down there, and until we do, they call the shots. This, gentlemen, is nothing less than a national emergency." Chief of Staff Wallen wiped his brow and stared at his shoes. "Well," he mumbled, slowly lifting his head and glancing wearily at the door. "I suppose we'll have to tell the President."

Wallen cleared his throat. Was the old man deaf now, too? "Sir," he stammered finally, wishing his voice could work up a good, resonant tone of urgency. "I think there's something you should know." The man in the large, high-backed chair turned slightly toward him, barely acknowledging his

presence. "You think that there's something I don't?" Wallen wondered, not for the first time, how Kennedy could have lived to be 153—and why.

From the White House To The Big House: A Plumber Tells All

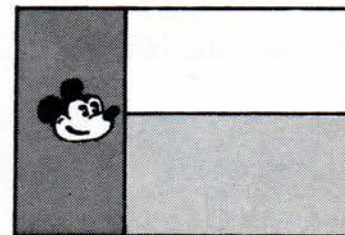
Targgart, Michael
Penguin Paperbacks, 2069

"Have a seat, gentlemen," spoke the smiling governor with a wave of his hand. Hearty chuckles filled the room as the throaty roar of a shrewdly situated whoopie cushion punctuated the anticipatory silence. Clark grinned broadly and began. "Gentlemen," he spoke confidently, "Our time has come. Operation "Last Laugh" is complete. We have the bomb," he said rising to his feet. "And they know it." Polite applause filled the governor's inner office, as he bowed slightly. "The talk show incident has suited our purposes perfectly. America knows there's trouble afoot in the happy state of Texas." Clark beamed. "Now my friends it's time to send the White House a message. Patty, take a letter—tell 'em we want out!"

Deep Heart, Sinkin.

[Editor's Note: The bomb produced by the "Last Laugh" project has been called both "man's most devious armament" and "the least intelligent weapon created since man first tossed a bone into the air." Working from an unstable neon base, and referred to by its developers as the "Ne Slapper," the device was capable of destroying all non-living matter. Buildings, digital watches, loose-leaf binders, would all vanish without a trace, leaving hapless victims to wonder just what had become of the old home town.]

The state of Texas, America's self-proclaimed "Fun Capital," today issued its first press release since all contact was abruptly halted following the apparently unintended discovery of the "Luchenbach Project" late last week. Claiming to have in their possession a weapon powerful enough to destroy "motherhood, apple pie, and everything else you're so all-fired proud of," the nation's third largest state declared that they "simply want out [of the union]." It was further stated that serious consideration was being given to the possibility of returning themselves



Flag O'Texas — after



"Stubble" Lehrman was mad.

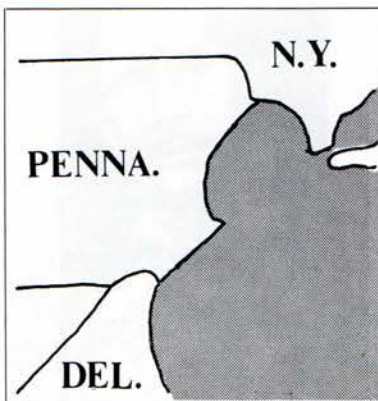


The Domestic Affairs Advisor:
He couldn't tell right from wrong.

Who has the bomb ?



The National Security Advisor:
He couldn't tell right from left.



Eastern Seaboard sans New Jersey
(2041 A.D.)

to Mexico, which they described as a country with "a far better sense of humor." No word as yet from the White House, where a press conference has been scheduled for seven o'clock tomorrow morning. Persistent rumors that Mexico has no interest in retaking control of their former territory are as yet unconfirmed.

"Mad As Hell Because They
Live There",
Boston Globe, April 20, 2062.

These were strenuous hours at the seat of American Democracy. President Kennedy sat somberly behind the vast antique chrome desk within the Oval Office and thumbed reflectively through his latest intelligence reports: a glossary of Disney place names, a detailed map of Texas, photographs of anonymous Texans nose-thumbing undercover cameramen on the border and then running away laughing. He could almost read the history texts: "Ted Kennedy, the 67th President of the United States met defeat at the hands of Walt Disney." "I'd sooner die again" he grumbled as he reached for the desk intercom. "Crissie, send them in."

The inner cabinet members shuffled slowly into the room, each wishing he had more to say and someone else to speak with. Everyone stood and looked expectantly at one another while the President arose and strode to the window. An uncomfortable silence ensued. Finally, Wallen stepped down hard on Watson's foot.

"Yow!"

"What's that, Watson?"

"Uh, well sir, I was saying . . ."

The President cut him off. "They're bluffing." The room fell silent for a second time as the President turned to face them. "I said they're bluffing. Now send in the press."

White House, Big House, Targgart

The President's decision send shock waves throughout the country. The majority of the concern was twofold: first, what if Texas really did have the all-powerful destructive tool they claimed to, and second, why all the fuss over Texas? Sure, it was a nice place to visit, but then so was New Jersey if you enjoyed deep-water tourism.* Certainly letting Texas go would outdate a lot of flags, but most of the American public was willing to make that sacrifice. Besides, no one relished the thought of playing proving-grounds to this

unknown menace from down south. America was ready to forget the Alamo.

*The state of New Jersey collapsed of its own weight and sank to the ocean floor in the fall of 2040.

Civilization, Burns et. all

No one even let loose with a chuckle in Dumbo when it became clear that the President wasn't taking the "Ne Slapper" seriously. It was time for deeds, not words. Clark and his closest associates held a hurriedly assembled meeting late into the night, and emerged the next morning with a stern, firm verdict: Oklahoma would swallow the bomb. America must pay for its insolence. Let Texas go or say goodbye to the Sooner state at twelve o'clock noon tomorrow. The message had to be clear this time—the eyes of Texas are upon you, and they're looking down your throat.

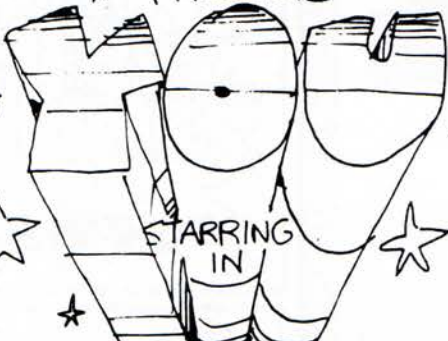
Deep Heart, Sinkin.

On the day the announcement was made Congress was very, very nervous. Just about everybody was ready to surrender Texas to the first taker, but there was something about the whole situation that seemed just too simple. Word spread fast that there was something about the Fun Capital worth holding on to, and just what that might be stretched even the most elastic imaginations. Strategic minerals lying dormant beneath the dunes? Previously undiscovered energy deposits off the southern coast? Whatever it was, common logic held that it had to be something very important for Texas to want it so badly for themselves. Insightful pundits who simply laughed it off and chalked it up to prideful Texan arrogance were ignored in the frenzy.

Still worse was the situation within the Oval Office, where Kennedy and his staff hadn't slept, or even cracked a smile, in the last twenty-four hours. The Executive branch had a difficult decision to make: could they afford to continue calling what they hoped was only a bluff, and—if not—could they afford to lose to the Disney State? Eyelids grew heavy, all talk ceased; Wallen's favorite flipping coin had long since rolled under the radiator when the rising sun reminded them all of their predicament's immediacy. Eventually the President pulled himself to his feet, pushed aside a half-eaten pizza slab,

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THAT WAS A NICE SHOT.

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YOU ARE HERE. ALL RIGHT.

HERE YOU GO, OLD BUDDY.

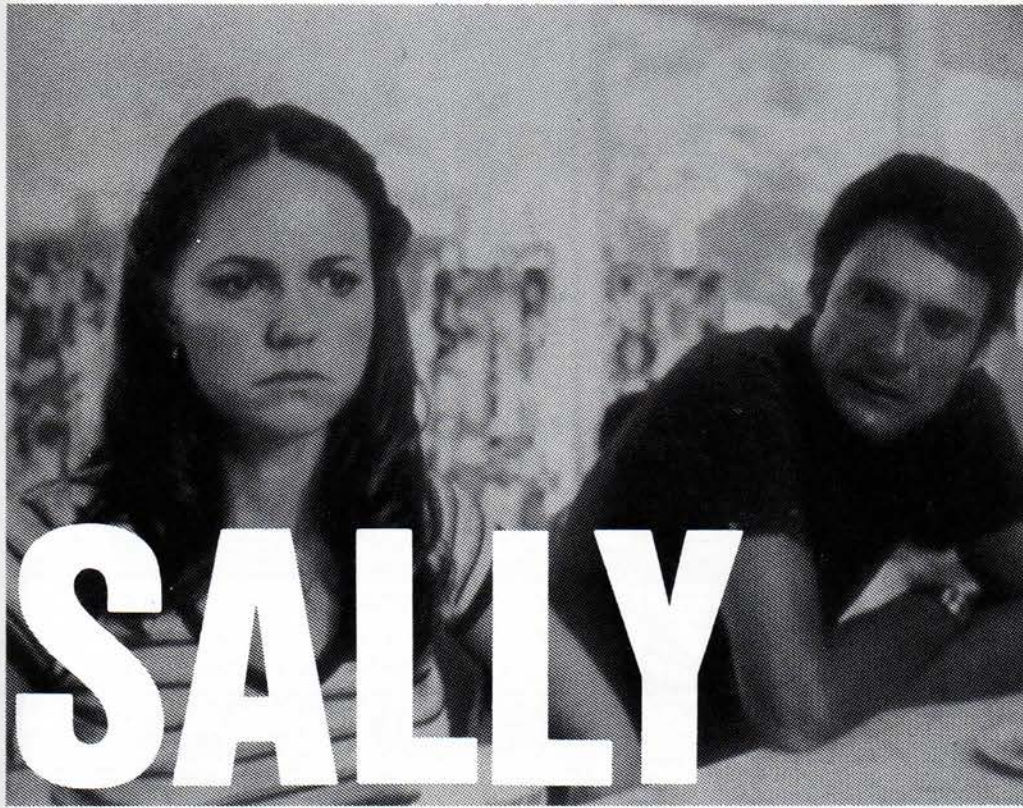
HI. YOU ARE WORTH GETTING TO KNOW.



YOU ARE THE BEST I HAVE EVER HAD.



Chappie raps with



FIELDS

BY TREY ELLIS

Many people know of Sally Fields, the actress. But few here at Stanford remember that Ms. Fields was a member of the Class of '66. After earning her degree in communications here, she left for Hollywood, where her first job was "serving greasy customers at a greasy spoon." Soon after she landed the lead role in the series, *The Flying Nun*. The rest is screen history. Recently she came back to the farm for her fifteenth year reunion. The Chaparral was fortunate enough to get a chance to speak with her.

Q. Was it hard for you to leave the convent?

A. Ha, ha. Please, no more nun

jokes. That was many years ago and I'm trying to leave that all behind me.

Q. You didn't answer the question. Was it hard to "kick the habit?"

A. I'll just pretend I didn't hear that.

Q. How does it feel to soar through the skies, gliding high above the cool blue Caribbean waters?

A. That was only a TV show. It was all done with wires in a studio in Hollywood.

Q. Sure, sure - But tell me, what happens if, while you're flying, you take your hand off your head? That stupid looking hat would just fly off and you'd drop like a lead cross from 10,000 feet. Why don't you attach one

Why don't you attach one of those leather straps to the thing? You know, like the ones on a little kid's cowboy hat.

of those leather straps to the thing. You know, like the ones on a little kid's cowboy hat.

A. What is your problem. Why don't you ask me about Norma Rae or my new movie or stuff about Burt.

Q. Who cares about that crap. Listen woman, any sweet thing can raise her arms above her head and smile while her T-shirt hikes up over her belly button. And who cares whether or not you fucked Burt Reynolds. What I want to know, what my readers want to know, is did you ever get it on with the owner of that casino, Carlos?

A. I'm calling the police.

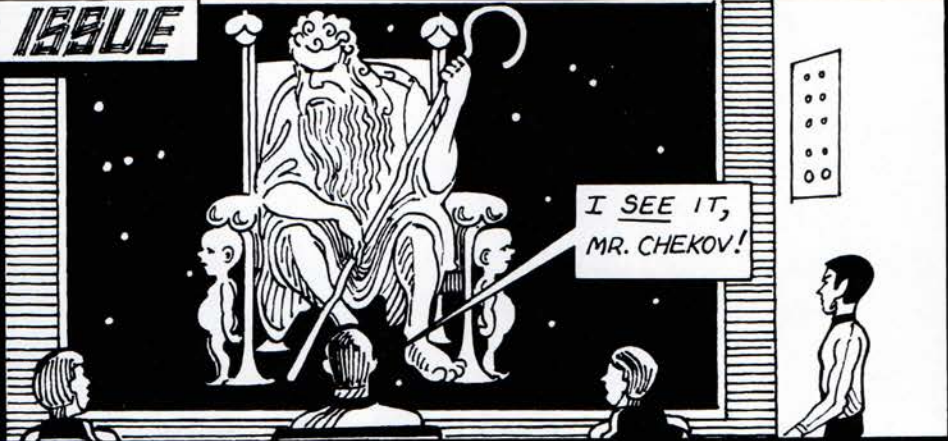
(continued on page 124)



THE GOD ISSUE



OBJECT AHEAD, KIPTIN!



I SEE IT, MR. CHEKOV!



WHAT DO THE SENSORS INDICATE, MR. SPOCK?



SENSORS INDICATE THIS OBJECT IS COMPOSED . . . IT IS COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF RHYTONS, CAPTAIN.



BUT **SPOCK!** RHYTONS EXIST ONLY IN THEORY. IF THIS OBJECT IS COMPOSED OF RHYTONS IT MUST BE . . .



QUITE RIGHT, CAPTAIN; OMNISCIENT, OMNIPOTENT & OMNIPRESENT. THIS OBJECT IS **GOD.**



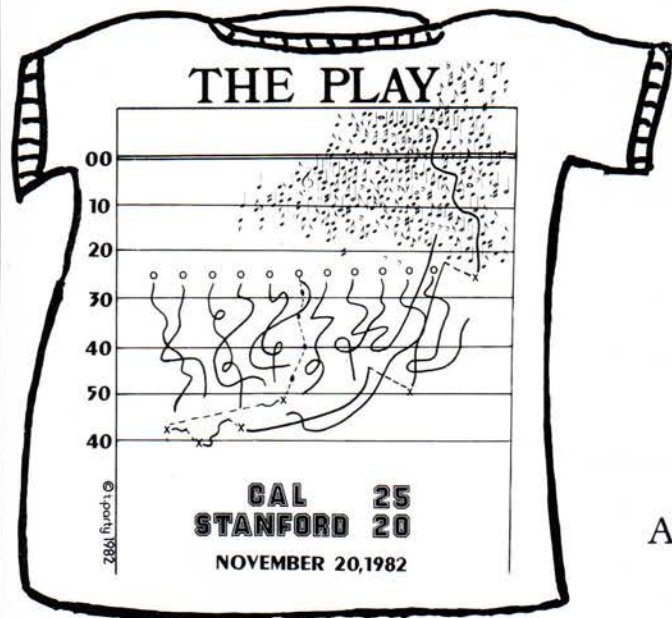
BONES! GET A READING ON HIM!



CLICK!
WOO-O-O-O-O
BZZ-Z-Z-Z



HE'S DEAD, JIM!



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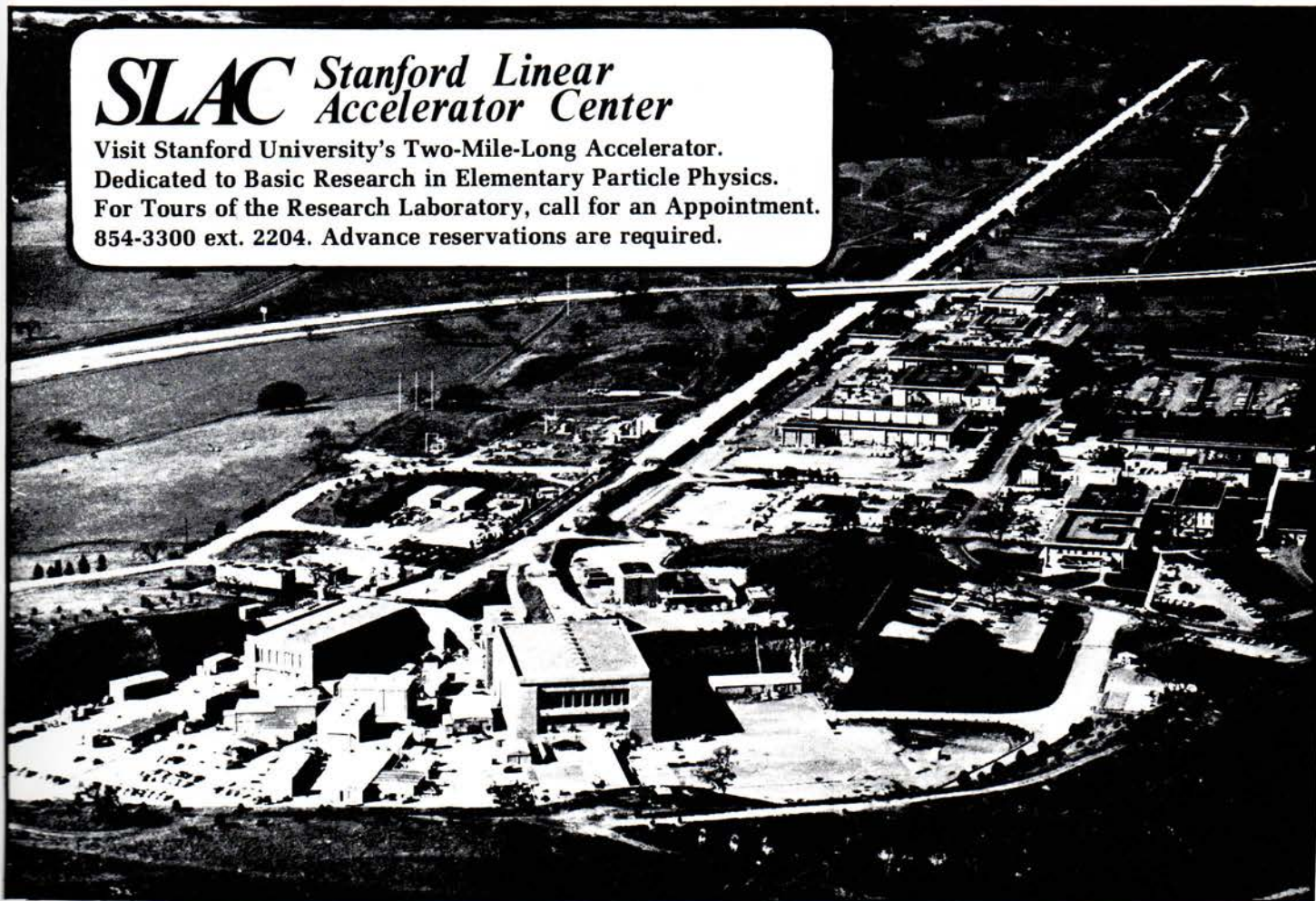
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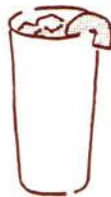
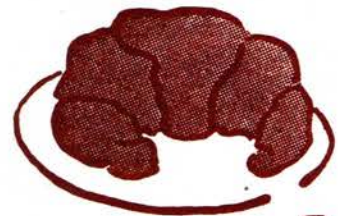
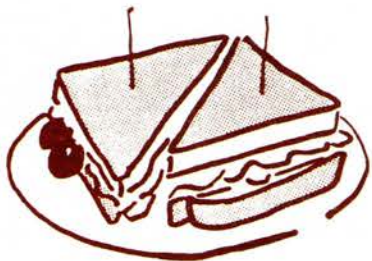
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